

THE GRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"An Afternoon Dance in a Battleship"

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"ULYSSES," THE NEW PLAY AT HER MAJESTY'S: THE DESCENT INTO HADES
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Topics of the Week

Europe and the Peace Suggestion THE exaggerated scope of the views and ideas which prevail upon the Continent in regard to the war was curiously illustrated by the intense interest excited by Dr. Kuyper's peace suggestion. It may be safely said that the prospect of a restoration of peace in South Africa created infinitely more excitement abroad than it did in this country. This is, of course, not very remarkable when we analyse the state of the continental mind on the subject. The sentimental view which possesses a good many people—probably the majority—is alone sufficient to explain it. According to this view the struggle in South Africa reaches a depth of tragedy for which no precedent can be found in history. On the one side, a handful of heroes; on the other, a sort of ferocious ogre in the shape of a Great Power; the conflict unprovoked by the weaker side and carried on by the stronger with sickening brutality. One can understand that soft-hearted people who have this sort of picture always before them should hail with delight the prospect of an end to so much horror. Then there is another large class of people who are under no sentimental delusions, but who blame the Boers for their stupidity in courting annihilation by a hopeless resistance. These are mostly politicians who fear that if the war is fought to the bitter end the chance of a revival of anti-English Afrikanerdom will disappear and South Africa will be peaceful for ever more. To them the prospect of peace at this moment is naturally very welcome. Like Mr. Reitz they want a surrender while there is still material for creating a seditious South Africa. Then, again, there are the people who do not want the Boers to make peace at all, because they believe that Great Britain is on her last legs in South Africa and everywhere else, and that the inevitable result of the war will be the disappearance of the British Empire. These extraordinary people are also very numerous, and it can be well imagined with what breathless excitement they watched the progress of Dr. Kuyper's enterprise. Finally, we have the large number of sensible people who love peace because war is foolishness, both morally and materially. They want to get rid of an evil and a disturbing influence in the markets of the world. Peace is to them always desirable, but peace in South Africa means much in the way of increased wealth and stabler commercial conditions. All this explains why the so-called Dutch Peace Note created so much stir on the Continent. It is a curious reversal of the proverb that onlookers see most of the game.

Renewed Agitation in Ireland THERE can be no doubt that the Nationalist party in Ireland is doing its best to stir up a fresh agrarian agitation throughout the country, and, to a certain extent, it appears to have been successful. In some parts of Ireland the Irish National League has acquired a dominating influence over the people, and the old hateful system of boycotting is in full operation. At the same time, the general situation is aggravated by the independent agitation started by Mr. T. W. Russell for compelling the Government to adopt some scheme of compulsory land purchase. Mr. Russell appears to have become so fascinated with the pleasure of denouncing the Government of which he was once a member, that it is difficult now to distinguish him from an ordinary Nationalist agitator. If he is not in actual alliance with the Nationalists, he is certainly playing into their hands. It would, however, be a mistake to attach too much importance either to Mr. Russell or to the older Nationalists with Mr. Wm. O'Brien at their head. Ireland is a country of exaggerations, and it is certain that the real facts are by no means so serious as they are represented by Irish orators. In the greater part of Ireland people are engaged, as in England, in attending to their own business and in adding to their wealth. The results of their industry are apparent in the statistical evidence of the increased prosperity of the country. The increase of prosperity is less rapid in Ireland than in the neighbouring Island of Great Britain for many reasons, among them the important fact that agitations which interfere with business seldom last long either in England or Scotland. It is for Irishmen to lay that lesson to heart. No people ever yet prospered by orating about its own wrongs, for when once that habit is started the wrong itself soon becomes a luxury, which must be cherished at all costs. Probably the best service that Englishmen can do to Ireland, at the present moment, is to refuse to pay the slightest attention to her professional orators. They themselves will begin to weary of their trade when they find that their audience is limited to their own countrymen, who are entirely familiar with the tricks of the profession.

China's New Start IF promise was the same as performance in the Celestial Empire, it might be possible to feel sanguine about its future. Since her return to Peking, the Empress-Dowager has been shedding edicts and decrees with the most generous prodigality; there seems to be no end to her enthusiasm for administrative reform. But it hardly consorts with that idea to learn that the Emperor, whose zeal for reform nearly cost him his life and led to his deposition, was relegated to quite a humble position at the audience granted to the ladies of Foreign Legations by the Empress-Dowager. Everything appears to have been done to convince the guests that the young man was nothing more than a cipher. He sat in sombre silence, not daring to open his august lips, while "the power behind the throne" gave utterance to the most amiable sentiments, which so affected her tender heart that she burst into tears. It may be allowed that the imperious old lady behaved very politely when she stripped her person of jewellery and bestowed her trinkets on Mrs. Conger and the other feminine barbarians, and for the moment, seemingly, it suits all parties to make believe that the horrors of the recent massacres were the work of untutored Boxers and other bad characters. But that pleasant pretence does not receive much support from the promotion of Yung-lu to the exalted dignity of First Grand Secretary. This exceptional favour just bestowed by the Empress on one who undoubtedly played a leading part in the anti-foreigner outburst, is not hopeful for administrative or any other reform.

The Court

Their Majesties have remained in town, and did not even spend the week-end at Sandringham, as originally intended. King Edward spends a great part of the day in giving official audiences, mainly to diplomats and military and naval men. The United States Ambassador is among those received, together with our Ministers to Chili and Brazil. The Prince of Wales came to see the King and Queen immediately after his return from Germany, and another time, with the Princess, dined with their Majesties. Another guest at lunch was the Duke of Agençon, and the Duchess of Fife also came to say goodbye on leaving for Brighton, where she and her husband and children are staying for a short time. Their Majesties and the Princess attended Divine Service on Sunday morning in the Marlborough House Chapel, and in the afternoon they were present at the Queen's Hall at the concert given by the Sunday Concert Society to commemorate the anniversary of Queen Victoria's funeral. A space in the grand circle, to the left of the orchestra, was reserved for the Royal Party, arranged with palms and a table for the programmes. With the exception of one special item, "The Queen's Last Ride," the programme was the same as that chosen by Queen Victoria when the society played before her Majesty at Windsor over three years ago. Now that the year of official mourning is over the King and Queen have been visiting the theatres, the first piece chosen being *Mice and Men*. As Queen Victoria never went to the theatre after her husband's death, this was the first time the reigning Sovereign had been seen at the theatre for over forty years. The King intended to be present at the smoking concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society on Wednesday, when the Prince of Wales was to preside. Great interest is being felt in the King's first Levee next Wednesday, as it will quite inaugurate a new order of things. Apart from cards of admission being required, the ceremony is to begin at noon instead of at two p.m. as heretofore.

A scheme is afoot to create a Royal Bodyguard of native Indian cavalry, to be quartered in London and attend the King on public occasions. Not only would such a movement give great pleasure in India, as a compliment to native loyalty, but it would add considerably to the picturesque side of any Royal function. Possibly the well-known native aide-de-camp to King Edward, Sir Patal Singh, would be the commander.—The coming Royal visit to the West causes great excitement in the neighbourhood, and Plymouth, with its two sister towns, has pleaded successfully for a better chance of seeing the King and Queen. So a route two miles long has been arranged along the chief streets from Plymouth station to Devonport for the launch of the battleship *Omen*.

The Prince of Wales came home from Germany at the end of the week after a visit which has given general satisfaction. He had a very cold and stormy passage across the Channel to Dover, but just escaped the worst of the gale. On Saturday the Prince and Princess went down to their Sandringham home, but they were back again early in the week for various public engagements. Besides presiding at the smoking concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society, the Prince attended at the meeting of the Royal Society to be formally admitted as a Fellow.

"THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN FOOTBALLER."

A Fully Illustrated Article on

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE YANKEE PLAYER'S TRAINING AND "ARMOUR."

Forms one of the Features of This Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LADY STAVORDALE'S trousseau was entirely made in England. Ireland, for Lady Londonderry has always largely supported Irish industries. Even the embroideries were executed here, and the linen, of course, fine and beautiful as it was, came from the looms of Belfast. Only in the matter of hats was Paris resorted to, it being a fact that English milliners have not the deft fingers and unerring taste of a Parisian. Lady Stavordale's dresses were simple as a rule, and indeed, the best people do not go in for over-dressing, that bane of Englishwomen, so much as the *bourgeoisie*. Girls often seem to think that the more elaborate their clothes, the more admiration they will attain. Instead, it is often the contrary, and I notice that a "mere man," has been writing lately about the over-dressing of our women. It is an ugly feature, and very contrary to the old ideas of home life and the modesty of refined natures. As the "mere man" says, "the English girl, of whatever type, is certainly much less attractive and much less admirable than she ought to be when she is over dressed, as at the present day." The charm of the beauty of youth seems now to be completely overlooked.

I wonder how soon all our horse tramcars will have disappeared before the electric cars? In Vienna, where people take things merrily, a veritable fete was arranged for the final exit of the horses. The last four cars, conducted and driven by the oldest drivers and conductors, were transformed into veritable bowers of beauty, decked with flags, and filled with an orchestra, the horses themselves were covered with mourning flowers and plentifully supplied with carrots. Altogether, it was one of those pretty, irresponsible, gay outbursts of popular feeling which are common to the laughter-loving Austrian.

A smart lady's dressing-room is a very paradise. In one corner is her bath, a deep marble affair flush with the ground, and covered when not in use with a chinchilla rug. In the other corner stands her dressing-table of plain white lacquered wood, with its crowd of bottles, scents, hairbrushes, and pots. The mirror is three-sided, so that a perfect view of the lady's *coiffure* may be obtained. But it is in the order of the cupboards around that we see true art. One door opens up a vista of shelves, on which stand all the boots and shoes, beginning with the satin and silk toys, and ending with the dapper little riding-boots. In one big shelf repose the hats, each on its own peg, making the place like some fair garden of flowers. On raised shelves are placed the fans, spread out so that at one glance they can be recognised and chosen. The shelves for linen are lined with white satin, and each dainty article is tied with its own pretty pale ribbon. The dresses that hang in their own wardrobe are each encased in a sheath of soft white holland, while the furs are laid reverently in a cedar chest. The fair mistress of this domain has her private telephone at her elbow, her *masscuse* beside her, and her manicure at her fingers' ends.

This has been called the era of children, so much are the little ones thought of nowadays, and so completely have the old harsh, unkind ways died out. Yet the Japanese long ago showed us the way. In a country where all the grown-up people laugh and the babies are treated with wonderful tenderness, they worship a god, "the God that plays with little children in the sky." Is not that a pretty, poetic idea? The image of the god stands by the river at Nikko, and into his lap the passers-by pour little white pebbles, in case the god should forget to gather them and the children have nothing to play with. Even Santa Claus seems prosaic after this.

Mr. Andrew Lang really believes in crystal-gazing as a serious pastime. He says he knows that certain people can see pictures therein, perhaps from some kind of second sight, the possession of which is indisputable by certain Scottish ladies. An uncanny and unpleasant gift it is too, for the person with second sight never has anything but misfortunes. She is rather like the proverbial candid friend who always prophesies evil, whatever course of action one pursues. How crystal-gazing may be encouraged Mr. Lang explains, some have the faculty, others have not; it seems perfectly harmless and also perfectly useless. It is a quiet pursuit, and may be recommended to those exhausted by the noise and clatter of Ping-Pong, or to anyone who loves to sit peacefully by the fireside, if there are any such nowadays. The practice is much in favour among savages, who gaze into crystal, glass, ink, water, blood, etc. The stock-in-trade of the gazer, too, is cheap. The glass stopper of a bottle will do. Savages believe that by this faculty they can detect thieves, descry events or discover the enemy's movements. The crystal-gazer should try his hand in finding out De Wet's movements. He or she might make a large fortune, if successful.

The changes that the new reign is about to effect are many and great. Probably the fact of the limitation and the hour of Drawing Rooms is one of the greatest. They say 5,000 persons have applied for admission. Clearly this number is hopelessly impossible to deal with, and in view of the terrible ordeals endured during the past reign—ladies fainting, Princesses exhausted, and court attendants at their wits' end—it became highly necessary that something should be done. But the impossibility of attending Drawing Rooms will affect people in ways differing from the extinction of purse-strings and the gratification of vanity. Many county families only came to town for a few weeks for the presentation of their daughters or the attendance at Drawing Rooms. These people will very likely now give up their annual visit or divide it into dribs and take it at other seasons. This would at once reduce much of the crush that is so unpleasant in June and July. It will also perhaps tempt them to spend more money in the neighbouring towns, many of which are quite as good for shopping as London.

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DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY E. HALL, M.V.O.

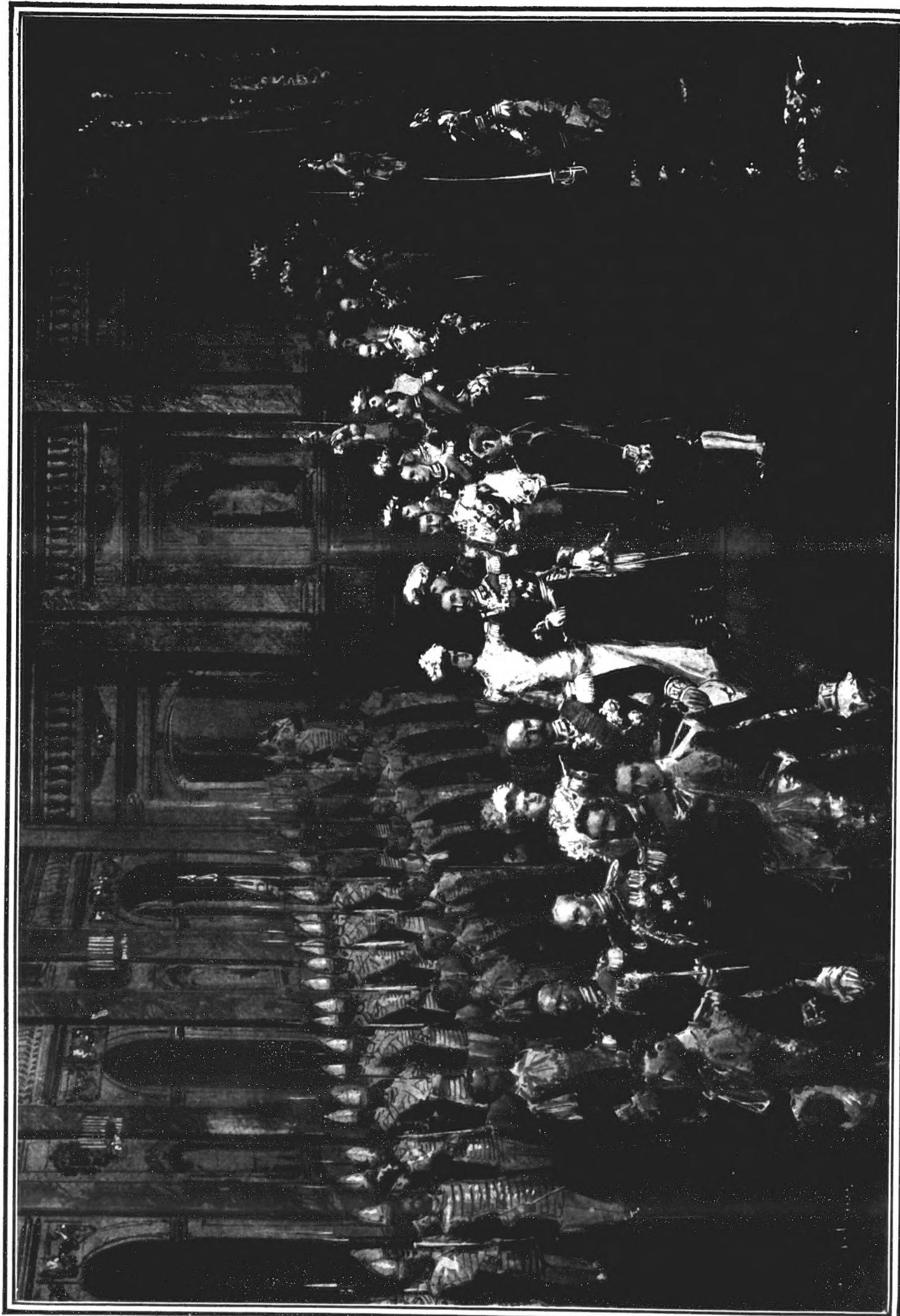


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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

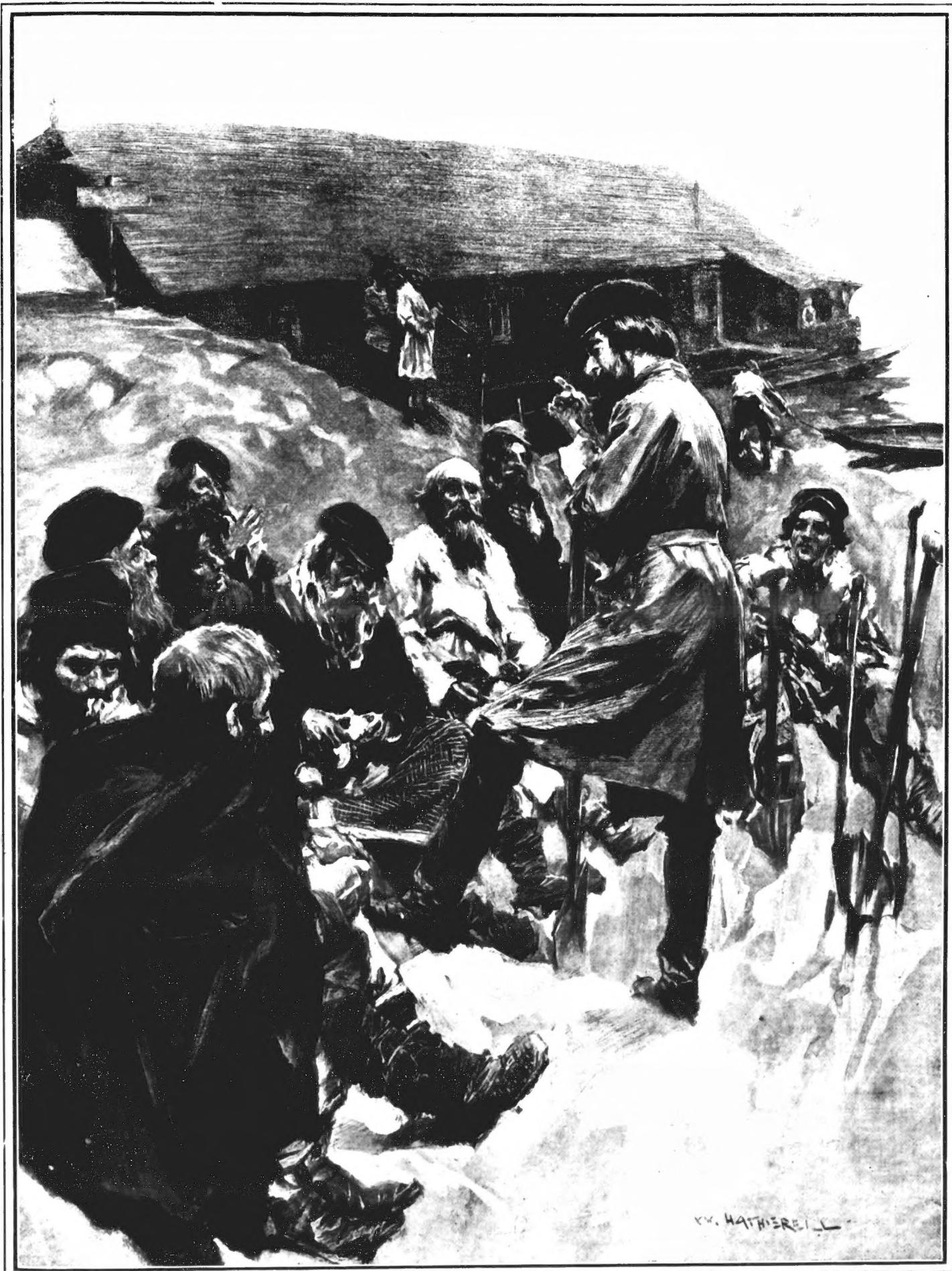
our Special Artist, who has been following the American mission in the search of Miss Stone, writing from Djuma-Jalata, on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier, thus describes a dinner given at Belitza, a village on the road from Sereb:—*E-Sal Bey*, the head man of Belitza, was prepared for the reception of guests, and he showed us hospitality in true Turkish style. Climbing with difficulty a broad staircase, we crossed a verandah and entered a spacious apartment, where a huge log fire blazed in a marble chimney-piece. The leaping flames lit up the room, which was roofed with a carved wood ceiling. After allowing an interval for the thawing of his guests, the old Bey ordered in dinner, which was served on a low round table, at which we sat down, but nobody used them for, if you dine *a la Turque* you eat with your fingers. At the end of the meal, a servant entered with a polished brass dish, warm water, and soap, a distinctly necessary adjunct to the dinner."

IN SEARCH OF MISS STONE: TURKISH HOSPITALITY AT BELITZA



The members of the Imperial Household, the headquarters staff, the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House, and other princely personages then in Berlin proceeded at half past ten on the Kaiser's birthday to the chapel of the Castle, where the Ambassador and Ministers of the Foreign Office, the Imperial Chancery, the Imperial Posts, the Imperial Treasury, the Imperial
DRAWN BY F. MARIANNA

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY IN BERLIN: THE PROCESSION TO THE WHITE HALL IN THE CASTLE AFTER SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF TRINITY.



"'We have five thousand rifles in Poland———. He paused and looked down the line of grimy faces, noting that some lighted up and others dropped. 'In Warsaw!' he added, significantly. 'So, if there are any who think that the cause is a dead one, they had better say so now—and take the consequences!'"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SAND WORKERS

At the foot of the steep and narrow Bednarska—the street running down from the Cracow Faubourg to the river—there are always many workers. It is here that the

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bathing-houses and the boathouses are. Here lie the steamers that ply slowly on the shallow river. Here, also, is a trade in timber, when from time to time one of the smaller rafts that float from the Carpathians down to Dantzig is moored and broken up. Here, also, are loafers, who, like flies, congregate naturally near the water.

A few hundred yards higher up the river, between the

Bednarska and the spacious Jerozolimska Alley, many carts and men work all day in the sand which the Vistula deposits along her low banks. The Jerozolimska starts hopefully from the higher parts of the city—the widest, the newest, the most Parisian street in the town, Warsaw's only boulevard—down the hill, as if it expected to find a bridge at the bottom. But there is no bridge there, and

the fine street dwindles away to sandy ruts and a broken towpath. Here horses struggle vainly to drag heavy sand carts from the ruts, while their drivers swear at them and the sandworkers lean on their spades and watch. A cleaner sand is dredged from the middle or brought across in deep-laden punts from the many banks that render navigation next to impossible—a clean, hard sand, most excellent for building purposes.

It was the hour of the mid-day dinner—for Polish hours are the hours of the early Victorian meals. Horses and men were alike at rest. The horses nibbled at the thin grass, while the men sat by the water and ate their grey bread, which only tastes of dampness and caraway seeds. It was late autumn and the sun shone feebly through a yellow haze. The scene was not exhilarating. The Vistula, to put it plainly, is a dismal river. Poland is a dismal country. A witty Frenchman, who knew it well, once said that it is a country to die for but not to live in.

It was only natural that the workmen should group together for their uninteresting meal. The sandbank offered a comfortable seat. Their position was in a sense a strategical one. They were in full view of the bridge and of the high land behind them, but no one could approach within half a mile unperceived.

"Yes," one of the workmen was saying, "those who know say that there will inevitably be a kingdom of Poland again. Some day. And if some day, why not now? Why not this time?"

His hearers continued to eat in silence. Some were slightly built, oval-faced men, real Poles; others had the narrower look of the Lithuanian; while a third type possessed the broad and placid face that comes from Posen. Some were born to this hard work of the sandhills; others had that look in the eye, that carriage of the head, which betokens breeding and suggests an ancestral story.

"The third time, they say, is lucky," answered a white-haired man at length. He was a strong man, with the lines of hunger cut deeply in his face. This work was nothing to him. He had laboured elsewhere. The others turned and looked at him, but he said no more. He glanced across the river towards the spires of Praga pointing above the brown trees. Perhaps he was thinking of those other times, which he must have seen fifty years and twenty years ago. His father must have seen Praga paved with the dead bodies of its people. He must have seen the river run sluggish with the same burden. He may have seen the people shot down in the streets of Warsaw only twenty years before. His eyes had the dull look which nearly always betokens some grim vision never forgotten. He seemed a placid old man, and was known as an excellent worker though cruel to his horses.

He who had first spoken—a boatman known as Kosmaroff—was a spare man, with a narrow face and a long, pointed chin, hidden by a neat beard. He was not more than thirty-five years old, and presented no outward appearance of having passed through hardships. His manner was quick and vivacious, and when he laughed, which was not infrequently, his mouth gave an odd twist to the left. The corner went upwards towards the eye. His smile was what the French call a pale smile. At times, but very rarely, a gleam of recklessness passed through his dark eyes. He had been a raftsman, and was reputed to be the most daring of those little-known watermen at flood times and in the early thaw. He glanced towards the old man as if hoping that more was coming.

"Yes, it will be the third time," he said, when the other had lapsed into a musing silence, "though few of us have seen it with our own eyes. But we have other means of remembering. We have also the experience of our forefathers to guide us—though we cannot say that our fathers have told us—"

He broke off with a short laugh. His grandfather had died at Praga; his father had gone to Siberia to perish there.

"We shall time it better," he said, "than last time. We have men watching the political world for us. The two Emperors are marked as an old man is marked by those who are named in his will. If anything happened to Bismarck, if Austria and Russia were to fall out, if the dogs should quarrel among themselves—the three dogs that have torn Poland to pieces! Anything would do! They knew the Crimean War was coming. England and France were so slow. And they threw a hundred thousand men into Warsaw before they turned to the English. That shows what they thought of us!"

The others listened, looking patiently at the river. The spirit of some was broken. There is nothing like hunger for breaking the spirit. Others looked doubtful, for one reason or another. These men resembled a board of directors—some of them knew too little, others too much. It seemed to be Kosmaroff's mission to keep them up to a certain mark by his boundless optimism, his unquestioning faith in a good cause.

"It is all very well for you," said one, a little fat man with beady eyes. Fat men with beady eyes are not usually found in near proximity to danger of any sort. "You, who are an aristocrat, and have nothing to lose!"

Kosmaroff ate his bread with an odd smile. He did not look towards the speaker. He knew the voice perhaps, or he knew that great truth that a man's character is ever bubbling to his lips, and every spoken word is a part of it running over.

"There are many who can be aristocrats some day—with a little good fortune," he said, and the beady eyes brightened.

"I lost five at Praga," muttered an elderly man, who

had the subdued manner of the toiler. "That is enough for me."

"It is well to remember Praga," returned Kosmaroff, in a hard monotone. "It is well to remember that the Muscovites have never kept to their word! There is much to remember!"

And a murmur of unforgettableness came from the listeners. Kosmaroff glanced sideways at two men who sat shoulder by shoulder staring sullenly across the river.

"I may be an aristocrat by descent," he said, "but what does that come to? I am a raftsman. I work with my hands, like any other. To be a Polish aristocrat is to have a little more to give. They have always done it. They are ready to do it again. Look at the Bukatys and a hundred others, who could go to France and live there peaceably, in the sunshine. I could do it myself. But I am here. The Bukatys are here. They will finish by losing everything—the little they have left—or else they will win everything. And I know which they will do. They will win! The Prince is wise. Prince Martin is brave; we all know that!"

"And when they have won will they remember?" asked one of the two smaller men, throwing a brown and leathery crust into the river.

"If they are given anything worth remembering they will not forget it. You may rely on that. They know what each gives—whether freely or with a niggard hand—and each shall be paid back in his own coin. They give freely enough themselves. It is always so with the aristocrats; but they expect an equal generosity in others, which is only right!"

The men sat in a row facing the slow river. They were toil-worn and stained; their clothing was in rags. But beneath their sandy hair more than one pair of eyes gleamed from time to time with a sudden anger, with an intelligence made for higher things than spade and oar. As they sat there they were like the notes of a piano, and Kosmaroff played the instrument with a sure touch that brought the fullest vibration out of each chord. He was a born leader; an organiser not untouched perchance by that light of genius which enables some to organise the souls of men.

Nor was he only a man of words, as so many patriots are. He was that dangerous product, a Pole born in Siberia. He had served in a Cossack regiment. The son of convict number 2704; he was the mere offspring of a number—a thing not worth accounting. In his regiment no one had noticed him much, and none cared when he disappeared from it. And now here he was back in Poland, with a Russian name for daily use and another name hidden in his heart that had blazed all over Poland once. Here he was, a raftsman plying between Cracow and Warsaw, those two hotbeds of Polish patriotism—a mere piece of human driftwood on the river. He had made the usual grand tour of Russia's deadliest enemies. He had been to Siberia and Paris and London. He might have lived abroad, as he said, in the sunshine; but he preferred Poland and its grey skies, manual labour, and the bread that tastes of dampness. For he believed that a kingdom which stood in the forefront for eight centuries cannot die. There are others who cherish the same belief.

"This time," he went on, after a pause, "I have news for you. We are a little nearer. It is our object to be ready, and then to wait patiently until some event in Europe gives us our opportunity. Last time they acted at the wrong moment. This time we shall not do that, but we shall nevertheless act with decision when the moment arrives. We are a step nearer to readiness, and we owe it to Prince Martin Bukaty again. He is never slow to put his head in the noose, and laughs with the rope around his neck. And he has succeeded again, for he has the luck. We have five thousand rifles in Poland."

He paused and looked down the line of grimy faces, noting that some lighted up and others dropped. The fat little man with the beady eyes blinked as he stared resolutely across the river.

"In Warsaw!" he added, significantly. "So, if there are any who think that the cause is a dead one, they had better say so now and take the consequences." He concluded rather grimly, with his one-sided smile.

No one seemed disposed to avail himself of this invitation.

"And there is ammunition enough," continued Kosmaroff, "to close the account of every Muscovite in Warsaw!"

His voice vibrated as he spoke, with the cold and steady hatred of the conquered; but on his face there only rested the twisted smile.

"I tell you this," he went on, "because I am likely to go to Cracow before long, and so that you may know what is expected of you. Certain events may be taken beforehand as a sure signal for assembly—such as the death of either Emperor, or of the King of Prussia, or of Bismarck, the declaration of war by any of the Great Powers. There is always something seething on the Indian frontier, and one day the English will awake. The Warsaw papers will not have the news; but the 'Czas' and the other Cracow journals will tell you soon enough, and you can all see the Galician papers when you want to, despite their censors and their police!"

A contemptuous laugh from the fat man confirmed this statement. This was his department. In many men cunning takes the place of courage.

At this moment the steam whistle of the ironworks farther up the river boomed out across the plain. The bells of city churches broke out into a clanging unanimity

as to the time of day, and all the workers stirred reluctantly. The dinner-hour was over.

Kosmaroff rose to his feet and stretched him elf—a long, lithe, wiry figure.

"Come," he said. "We must get back to work."

He glanced from face to face, and any looking with understanding at his narrow countenance, his steady dark eyes, and clean-cut nose must have realised that they stood in the presence of that rare and indefinable creation—a strong man.

CHAPTER X.

A WARNING

It is a matter of history that the division of Poland into three saved many families from complete ruin. For some suffered confiscation in the Kingdom of Poland, and saved their property in Galicia; others, again, in Posen had estates in Masovia, which even Russian justice could not lay hands upon—that gay justice of 1832, which declared that, in protesting against the want of faith of their conquerors, the Poles had broken faith. The Austrian Government half sympathised with the discontent of those Poles who had fallen under Russian sway, while in Breslau it was permitted to print and publish plain words deemed criminal in Cracow and Warsaw. The dogs, in a word, behaved as dogs do over their carrion, and, having secured a large portion, kept a jealous eye on their neighbour's jaw.

The Bukatys had lost all in Poland except a house or two in Warsaw, but a few square miles of fertile land in Galicia brought in a sufficiency, while Wanda had some property in the neighbourhood of Breslau bequeathed to her by her mother. The grim years of 1860 and 1861 had worn out this lady, who found the peace that passes man's understanding while Poland was yet in the horrors of a hopeless guerilla warfare.

"Russia owes me twenty years of happiness and twenty million roubles," the old Prince was in the habit of saying, and each year on the anniversary of his wife's death he reckoned up afresh this debt. He mentioned it, moreover, to Russian and Pole alike, with that calm frankness which was somehow misunderstood, for the Administration never placed him among the suspects. Poland has always been a plain-speaking country, and the Poles, expressing themselves in the roughest of European tongues, a plain-spoken people. They spoke so plainly to Henri of Valois when he was their King, that one fine night he ran away to mincing France and gentler men. When, under rough John Sobieski, they spoke with their enemy in the gate of Vienna, their meaning was quite clear to the Moslem understanding.

The Prince Bukaty had a touch of that rough manner which commands respect in this smooth age, and even Russian officials adopted a conciliatory attitude towards this man, who had known Poland without one of their kind within her boundaries.

"You cannot expect an old man such as I to follow all the changes of your petty laws, and to remember under which form of Government he happens to be living at the moment!" he had boldly said to a great personage from St. Petersburg, and the observation was duly reported in the capital. It was, moreover, said in Warsaw that the law had actually stretched a point or two for the Prince Bukaty on more than one occasion. Like many outspoken people, he passed for a barker and not a biter.

It does not fall to the lot of many to live in a highly civilised town and submit to open robbery. Prince Bukaty lived in a small palace in the Kotzebue Street, and when he took his morning stroll in the Cracow Faubourg he passed under the shadow of a palace flying the Russian flag, which palace was his, and had belonged to his ancestors from time immemorial. He had once made the journey to St. Petersburg to see in the great museum there the portraits of his fathers, the books that his predecessors had collected, the reliques of Poland's greatness, which were his and the greatness thereof was his.

"Yes," he answered to the loquacious curator, "I know. You tell me nothing that I do not know. These things are mine. I am the Prince Bukaty!"

And the curator of St. Petersburg went away, sorrowful, like the young man who had great possessions.

For Russia had taken these things from the Bukatys, not in punishment, but because she wanted them. She wanted offices for her bureaucrats on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, in Warsaw, so she took the Bukaty Palace. And to whom can one appeal when Caesar steals?

Poland had appealed to Europe, and Europe had expressed the deepest sympathy. And that was all!

The house in the Kotzebue has the air of an old French town house, and was, in fact, built by a French architect in the days of Stanislaus Augustus, when Warsaw aped Paris. It stands back from the road behind high railings, and, at the further end of a paved courtyard, to which entrance is gained by two high gates, now never opened in hospitality, and only unlocked at rare intervals for the passage of the quiet brougham in which the Prince or Wanda went and came. The house is just round the corner of the Kotzebue, and therefore faces the Saska Gardens—a quiet spot in this most noisy town. The building—a low one, with a tiled roof and long windows, heavily framed, of which the smaller panes and thick woodwork suggest the early days of window glass. Inside, the house is the house of a poor man. The carpets are worn thin; the furniture, of a sumptuous design, is carefully patched and mended. The atmosphere has that mournful scent of ancient tapestries which is the scent of better days—now

dead and past. It is the odour of monarchy, slowly fading from the face of a world that reeks of cheap democracy.

The air of the rooms—the subtle individuality which is impressed by humanity on wood and texture—suggested that older comfort which has been succeeded by the restless luxury of these times.

The Prince was, it appeared, one of those men who diffuse tranquillity wherever they are. He had moved quietly through stirring events; had acted without haste in hurried moments. For the individuality of the house must have been his. Wanda had found it there when she came back from school in Dresden, too young to have a marked individuality of her own. The difference she brought to the house was a certain brightness and a sort of experimental femininity, which reigned supreme until her English governess came back again to live as a companion with her pupil. Wanda moved the furniture, turned the house round on its staid basis, and made a hundred experiments in domestic economy before she gave way to her father's habits of life. Then she made that happiest of human discoveries, which has the magic power of allaying at one stroke the eternal feminine discontent which has made the world uneasy since the day that Eve idled in that perfect garden—she found that she was wanted in the world!

The Prince did not tell her so. Perhaps his need of her was too obvious to require words. He had given his best years to Poland, and now that old age was coming, that health was failing and wealth had vanished, Poland would have none of him.

(To be continued)

Railways to the Persian Gulf

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE projects, now so actively discussed in the Russian Press, for the extension of the Russian railways in Central Asia through Persia to a terminus on the Persian Gulf, are of comparatively recent date. Until Germany began to press for railway concessions in Turkey with a view to making a land communication from the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, Russia had formulated no particular ambitions in that direction, but with the success of German projects she has become exceedingly anxious, for there are many reasons why she does not wish to see Germany establishing a sphere of influence, not only in Mesopotamia, but on the Gulf itself.

It must be remembered that, with her vast and increasing territory and lack of seaboard, Russia has been impelled to strain in every possible direction towards the ocean. Accomplishing her object with wonderful rapidity on the Pacific coast, she had carefully laid the train for obtaining another outlet, through Persia, to the Indian Ocean, but quietly and without ostentation, foreseeing opposition from Great Britain. By means of her Trans-Caspian lines and diplomatic methods, in which the Muscovite is *facile princeps*, she has established her influence firmly in Northern Persia, whose inhabitants are far from satisfied with the weak rule of the Shah. To extend that influence slowly but surely was the Russian plan, but the action of Germany has upset her calculations, for she fears the extension of a British line to meet the German one, and the creation of an overland route to India, which would cut her off from the Persian Gulf.

Besides her desire for another outlet to the ocean, Russia has two great motives for straining southwards. Her ambitions as regards Constantinople, once the great fount and centre of the Byzantine Church, and the source of inspiration for so much in Russian religion and art, have been checked, but not eradicated, and she views with misgivings the growing influence of Germany in the territories of the Sick Man of the East. Still more, it is the pious wish of religious Russians to become one day the masters of the Holy Land, and to "see the Greek Cross triumphant where the Crescent has so long held sway. The German line cuts right across the path of Russians to the Holy Sepulchre. Although it is too late now to prevent Germany from making her proposed line, Russia is determined not to be deprived of her coveted outlet to the Indian Ocean, and by running her own railways southwards to a port on the Gulf she hopes to paralyse the German line commercially, and to frustrate its objects strategically.

Before discussing the Russian railway projects it is necessary to indicate briefly the scope of German ambitions in this quarter of the world. It is little understood how vast and important these are, reaching far beyond the mere creation of a new commercial route.

The project for a railway through Mesopotamia is no new one. Surveying and pioneering were begun many years ago, and on two occasions schemes were prepared by order of the British Government. The best surveys ever made were those of Colonel (afterwards Sir) George Chesney, who obtained a *firman* for the construction of the line, which was actually commenced. The opposition of other Powers, however, was so strong that Lord Palmerston stopped all proceedings.

One of the most interesting points in the scheme of Germany is the revival of life and activity in Mesopotamia, a region once rich and populous and the birthplace of the oldest civilisation the world has seen, but now a depopulated desert. The chief cause of this state of affairs was the havoc wrought by centuries of war, the destruction of the once elaborate irrigation systems, and finally centuries of ignorance and despotism. Germany hopes to open the country not only by means of railways, but by the opening of the two great rivers, the Euphrates and Tigris, which respectively can be made navigable to within 100 miles of the Mediterranean, and as high as Mosul, an important city above Bagdad.

With a view to reviving agriculture, and inducing population, Germany has, for some time past, had agents spread throughout the country instructing the natives in scientific agriculture and supplying them with grain and implements on easy terms, while to encourage

the farmers, they grant preferential rates on their Anatolian Railway. With the re-creation of the old irrigation works and the restoration of law and order, there is every possibility that this region may again become one of the granaries of the world. There is something fascinating in the idea of reviving the life of this long slumbering region, the site of so many ancient cities, and of a civilisation once unrivalled in wealth and magnificence.

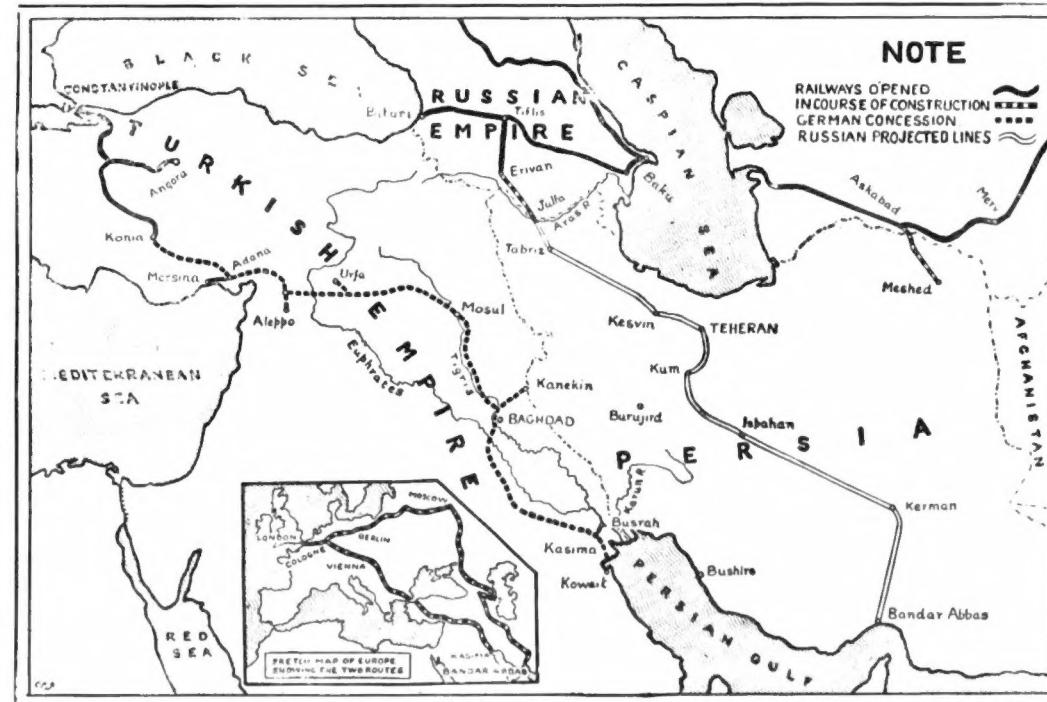
The present position of Russian railways is as follows: The Trans-Caucasian Railway system (from Tiflis) has been connected with Erivan, and is now being completed to Julfa on the northern Persian frontier. From this point the line will be extended to Tabriz, Kevsin and Teheran, which is already connected by a good Russian road with the Caspian Sea. From Teheran southwards to the head of the Persian Gulf, *via* the Karun River, there is at present a British concession for a road, in the hands of the Imperial Bank of Persia, through Kurn, Burnjird and Ahwaz, with the right to a branch road eastwards to Isfahan.

A possible route for the future Russian line is from Teheran, *via* Burjird, down to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf; but more probably the line will run *via* Isfahan, south-east to Kerman, and thence to Bandar Abbas. So far the only Russian Railway actually in Persia is a branch from the Trans-Caspian line (in the neighbourhood of Askabad) to Meshed, in Khorassan, not far from the north-western corner of Afghanistan. The full surveys for this line were completed last autumn, and the work is to be vigorously pushed on as soon as the winter's snows melt.

The Russians claim that their line (on the route indicated) would provide a quicker route to the mouth of the Persian Gulf, as well as tap the richest provinces of Persia, and that, therefore, they will be able to paralyse the German line, both as regards goods and passenger traffic.

these deities have a tendency to wrangle and indulge in threats and recriminations, which is not easily to be reconciled with modern notions of divine attributes. The scene would certainly be improved if Mr. Fulton's Zeus could be endowed with a little more prominence and authority. The scene of the forecourt of the palace at Ithaca with the revelries of the suitors is remarkably picturesque and animated, and the sea cave in Calypso's island is beautiful in its summer splendour and repose. The two scenes, on the other hand, of the descent into Hades with their dusk and gloom and the strange forms that haunt the banks of Charon's river, are impressive and stimulating in a high degree to the imagination. The depth of the descent into these dismal regions is marked by the little entrance to the cavern high up above the stage, through which alone a sinister gleam of daylight reveals the presence of the living intruder upon that land of tears and strange wailings. The third act brings us back to Ithaca, and is concerned with the return of Ulysses in the garb of a beggar, and the final destruction of the suitors in the banqueting hall of the palace. The performance on Saturday evening occupied four hours, which is decidedly too long. Mr. Phillips's dialogue, which is sometimes in blank verse, sometimes in rhymed couplets, and occasionally in prose, is a trifle diffuse, and for stage purposes at least might be abridged with advantage. Although it has many fine passages, it has no one that would bear comparison with Tennyson's magnificent soliloquy of Ulysses.

Unfortunately the comparative absence of dramatic situations seems to encourage a declamatory style of utterance. The sorrowful vehemence of Miss Lily Hanbury's Penelope ceases in the end to impress through being too constantly sustained. In Ulysses Mr. Tree has not a great part; but his love passages in the enchanted isle were given with true poetic feeling, his scenes with the faithful



"Ulysses" at Her Majesty's

BY W. MOY THOMAS

THE spectators at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, on Saturday evening, were privileged to see a noble dramatic poem put upon the stage, with a degree of liberality, learning, and good taste which entitles Mr. Tree's latest venture to take a high place in the long series of splendid productions for which we are indebted to his spirit and enterprise. The difficulties in the way of an attempt to dramatise the story of the long wanderings of Ulysses and his comrades are acknowledged, and are, indeed, sufficiently attested by the fact that Mr. Stephen Phillips is practically the first to grapple with the task. There are, it is true, some dozen operas which deal with this theme in a more or less slight and unsatisfactory way; but outside the limits of the lyrical stage we have nothing but Nicholas Rowe's old drama, entitled *Ulysses*, and brought out

nearly two hundred years ago, the nature of which may be inferred from Dr. Ward's complaint that the playwright has "foisted a commonplace intrigue into the broad course of the loved Homeric epic." Mr. Phillips, I need hardly say, has, on the contrary, respected the maxim of Terence's critics, "*Contaminari non decere fabulas*," and grafted upon his theme no incident that has not warrant in the original. On the other hand, he has unavoidably cut away much which will be missed. The disappearance of our old friend Polyphemus will certainly be regretted by many, were it only for his association with Turner's magnificent picture. Circe, too, has gone, with "her fair enchanted cup and warbling charms," and "what songs the syrens sang" we are not permitted to hear; but a faithful representation of the voyages of the King of Ithaca and his crew would be little more than a series of loosely connected episodes and a long panorama of sea and shore, while the blinded Cyclops and his impotent rage would have come perilously near to the humours of a Drury Lane pantomime opening. The author has accordingly permitted himself the license of abridgment, and if he has given us the Homeric story in a rather mutilated form, he has, at least, presented its cardinal incidents.

The opening council of the gods on Olympus has been charged, and not without some reason, with a certain lack of dignity; but

swineherd Eumeus—a part played with an admirable blend of humour and pathos by Mr. Lionel Brough—were touching, as was the scene in which he clasps to his bosom the true wife from whom he had so long been parted; nor did the actor's fine sense of the picturesque fail to serve him well. Miss Nancy Price is a charming Calypso, though her transient appearance in the story prevents her making any enduring impression. The full but never obtrusive humour of Mr. Henry Kemble, as the fatuous suitor Ctesippus also deserves recognition, as does the rugged power of Mr. Oscar Ache's Antinous. Telemachus, though reduced to a rather shadowy condition, loses nothing of his vigour and grace in the hands of Mr. Gerald Lawrence. Miss Constance Collier makes a majestic as well as a beautiful Pallas, and Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones brings the indispensable advantage of youthful charm to the little part of Aphrodite.

"Arizona"

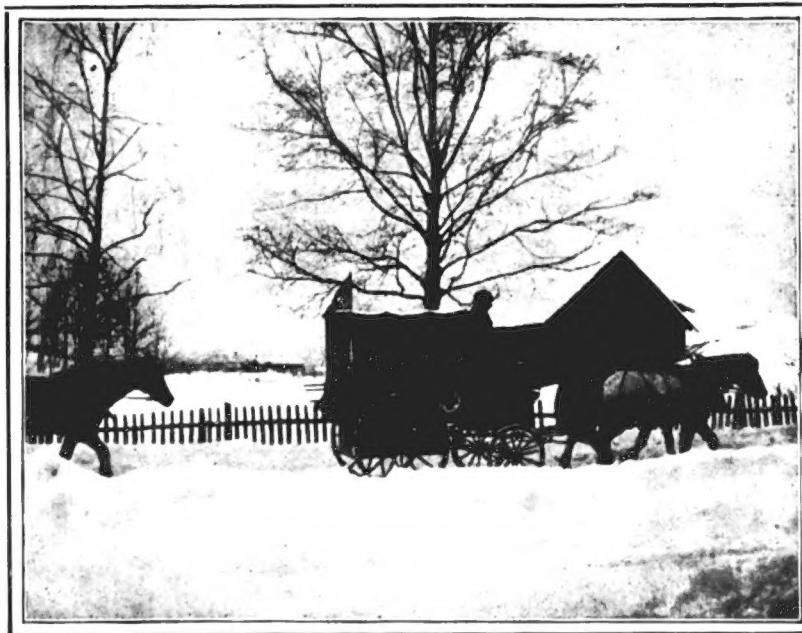
The new romantic drama, entitled *Arizona*, played on Monday evening, for the first time in this country, by Mr. La Shelle's American Company, at the ADELPHI Theatre, belongs to a class well known in the land of its birth as that of the "machine-made play." Its hero, Lieutenant Denton, a young cavalry officer in the United States Army, has the misfortune to be charged with carrying on an intrigue with the young wife of his middle-aged colonel. As a fact, he has been guilty of nothing worse than endeavouring to dissuade Colonel Bonham's foolish wife from a project of elopement with a rascally brother officer; but as he cannot exculpate himself without compromising the honour of a lady who is ungenerous enough to allow him thus to sacrifice himself, the Lieutenant resigns. As in all romantic dramas, however, matters are cleared up and put right in the last act. The play contains a pleasing variety of character sketches, its dialogue is unaffected, and very fresh are the scenes of life and manners, both military and civil, in the Territory which gives the title to Mr. Augustus Thomas's piece. Without being able to boast of any "bright particular star" the company is a thoroughly competent one. Mr. Serrano, in particular, plays the young hero with commendable absence of swagger; Canby, the ranch owner, is represented by Mr. Theodore Roberts with a rough honesty; and Miss Olive May imparts a lively personality to Canby's daughter Bonita.



INFANTRY ON SKI: A HALT



INFANTRY ON SKI: ON THE MARCH



THE AMBULANCE CART



ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH

During the winter months the troops at Christiania are drilled about once a fortnight on ski, and the season generally terminates with three days' manœuvres at which all arms are represented, the infantry camping in the snow.

THE NORWEGIAN ARMY: WINTER MANŒUVRES IN THE SNOW

The Norwegian Army

JUST as Norway and Sweden, though under one King, have entirely separate Governments, so their Armies are quite distinct. The Norwegian Army consists by law of 18,000 men of the line, and cannot be increased without consent of the Storting (the Norwegian Parliament), but the number of trained men and officers is about 31,000, and with the Landvaern and Landsturm the number is about 51,000. The troops are raised mainly by conscription, and to a small extent by enlistment. The forces are divided into troops of the Line, the Landvaern and the Landsturm. All young men over twenty-two years of age are liable to conscription. They have first of all to go through a training in the school of recruits, extending over forty-two days in the infantry, fortress and mountain artillery, fifty days in the engineers, and seventy days in the field artillery and cavalry. They are then put into the battalions which, in the second, third, and fourth years in the artillery, cavalry, and engineers, and the second and third years in the infantry and train, have an annual training of twenty-four days, and are then sent on furlough with an order to meet whenever called upon. After the sixth year the men belong to the Landvaern, which has a training of twelve days, in which recruits also take part. The nominal term of service is thirteen years—five years in the Line, four in the Landvaern, or Militia, and four in the Landsturm. The Landvaern and Landsturm are only liable to service within the frontiers of the kingdom, but every man capable of bearing arms, between the ages of eighteen and fifty, in time of war, is liable to do service in the reserve of the Landsturm. Conscription in Norway, it will thus be seen, does not fall as heavily on the people as it does in some countries. Indeed, when we consider how fond the Norwegians are of trying their skill with "ski," it is not difficult to imagine that

a young Norwegian finds life in the Army far from irksome in the winter months. The infantry are trained to manœuvre with ski, and become exceedingly skilful, though it is not easy to conceive how any alignment or precision in movements can be observed by men wearing these national elongated snowshoes. Our illustrations are from photographs by our Christiania correspondent, D. M. M. Crichton Somerville.

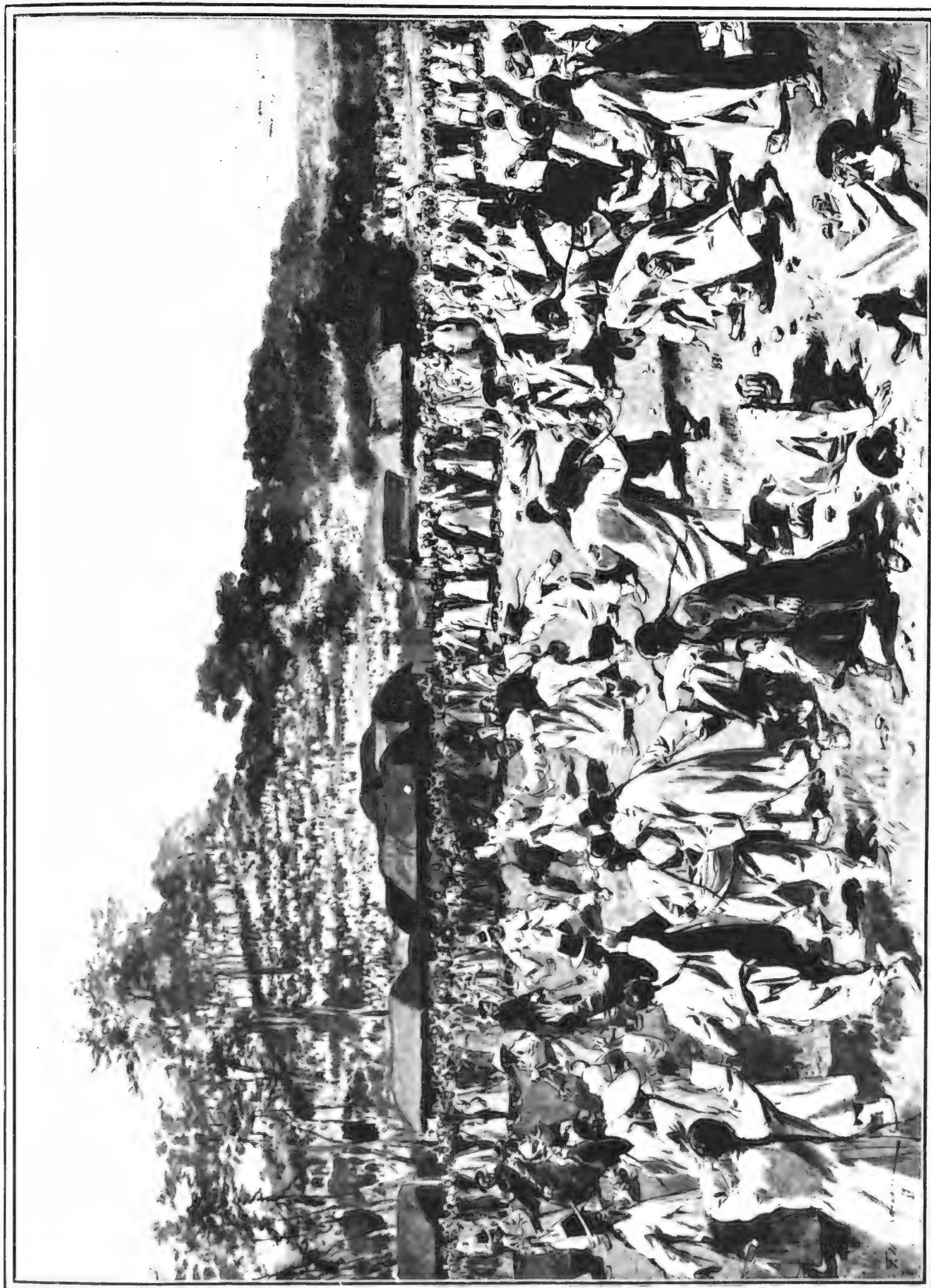
Stone Fights in Corea

COREA abounds in quaint customs, and it is especially at the time of the New Year—which falls on or about February 3, according to our calendar—that their observance takes place. On New Year's Day, for instance, every properly constituted Corean observes the custom known as "Walking the Bridges." That is to say, he has to cross a bridge for every year he is of age, and by this simple method he insures himself—at least, such is his firm conviction—against attacks of rheumatism for the ensuing year. On New Year's Day, too, it is customary for the people to burn outside their houses the combings of their hair, which have been carefully preserved during the preceding twelve months, under the belief that they thus effectually prevent certain evil spirits from entering their houses.

On New Year's Day also, and during the holidays which follow, the inhabitants of Seoul assemble in thousands at a place about one and a-half miles outside the city walls, on the main road to the Han River, to witness or to take part in a battle in which stones and slings form the chief weapons. At this spot piles of stones are in readiness, the friends of the belligerents having spent some hours

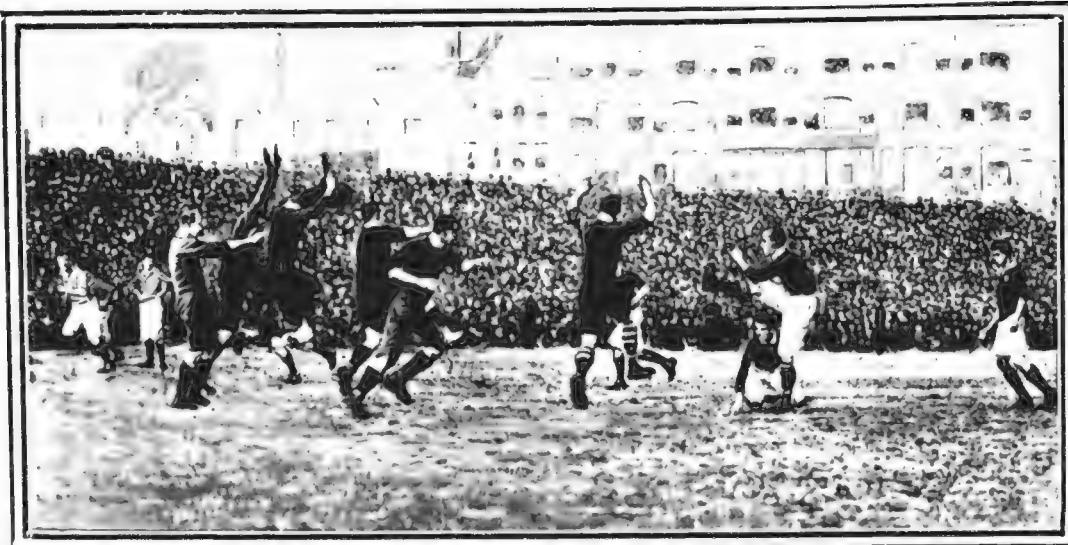
previously in collecting those of a convenient size. The lists seem to be left open to anyone who desires to heave a stone at the opposite party. At first only a few sling stones at each other, at about 250ft. distance. Then more join in, and the two armies gradually approach one another, pelting each other as rapidly as possible all the time, while some of the men are detailed off to collect the stones into heaps again, or to fetch fresh ammunition for the firing line. At last the two parties meet and the fighting becomes general, fierce rushes are made, and clubs and knives are used freely. The din and uproar the while are deafening, all the combatants screaming and howling to their heart's content, men fall and are trampled to death, and few escape without a bruise or wound. The surrounding hills are covered with spectators—conspicuous by the dazzling whiteness of their clothing—who eagerly follow every move in the fray, which is maintained with great vigour until the solemn clang of the great city bell announces that the gates are about to be closed and that it is time to return home.

These combats only take place at the New Year and during the first moon, or month, when it is legal to fight, and every good Corean is expected to indulge in the privilege as much as possible. The curious thing is that during the remaining eleven months of the year the Corean is as peacefully disposed an individual as one could find anywhere. It is commonly said that he is the most abject coward on the face of the earth, but at least for one month out of the twelve he befriends this reputation, for in his stone-fighting he certainly shows great pluck. These stone and club contests are of great antiquity. The custom is, indeed, a national institution, sanctioned by the Government and patronised by the King and the nobility; and though the police attend the battles, they do so merely to keep order among the spectators, and in no wise to interfere with the combatants.



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A COREAN NEW YEAR CUSTOM: STONE-FIGHTING NEAR SEOUL



Under Rugby Union rules, an International match between teams representing Wales and Scotland was played last Saturday at Cardiff, and was won by Wales by a goal and three tries to a goal. There were some 40,000 spectators. The game was very exciting at times, the Welsh defending admirably when the Scottish forwards made a rush.

WALES V. SCOTLAND AT CARDIFF: THE WELSH STOPPING A STRONG RUSH

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE House of Commons has this week been within measurable distance of a great calamity. It is common enough, failing attendance of a quorum of members, for the sittings to be adjourned. Not within memory of living man has there been a case where similar suspension of business was consequent on a vacancy in the Chair. Yet, under the existing Standing Orders, such a fate has, through the revolving years, hung over the House. When the Speaker is confined to his room by illness, the Chairman of Ways and Means is authorised to act as Deputy-Speaker. When the Chairman is ill his place is taken by one of his deputies, three of whom are appointed at the commencement of the Session. But these deputies may not aspire to the Speaker's chair. With the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees tucked up in a sick-bed at the same time, business of the House of Commons must necessarily be suspended till one or other is better.

On Monday the Speaker, having taken a chill, was confined to his room, and in his absence, Mr. Lowther, Chairman of Committees, presided. On Tuesday, the Speaker, not feeling much better, sent a message to Mr. Lowther, asking him to preside at the evening sitting. The messenger came back with the portentous news that of the two the Chairman was in sorrier plight than the Speaker, forasmuch as he was stricken with influenza. In these circumstances the Speaker was obliged to take the chair. But a sympathetic House readily agreed to the suggestion thrown out by the Leader of the Opposition, that debate should be brought to a

conclusion by the dinner hour, and so relieve the Speaker from a task that might otherwise lead to breakdown.

The bad quarter of an hour Ministers lately had over the Telephone deal was repeated with even increased severity in connection with the deal in Hungarian horses. The storm burst in Committee of Supply, where the Supplementary War Vote of five millions was taken in hand. One of the items was a sum of two millions for re-mounts. That was partly made up by a charge of 114,000*l.* for horses purchased in Hungary. The unpleasant story first came out in the report of a Committee reluctantly appointed by the War Office to inquire into the affair. The Committee put the best face possible on the business. But the veil was torn aside in the angry debate which, through two nights, stormed in the House of Commons. To put the facts briefly, the War Office—that is to say, the British taxpayer—paid a trifle under 55*l.* a head for horses picked up in Hungary at a price of from 10*l.* to 15*l.*

This is bad enough, but the more serious consequences befell on the veldt. These wretched screws, foisted on the Department and served out to the hapless Imperial Yeomanry, were worse than useless. When, in operation against the enemy, the critical moment for action arrived, they were hopelessly done up, and at best the enemy escaped. At worst a squadron was surrounded, the men being shot or taken prisoners.

To Sir Blundell Maple is due the credit tardily conceded by Ministers and members of the Committee of Inquiry of having exposed this scandal. Exposure came too late to have practical effect in this particular instance, but that is not Sir Blundell's fault. He was early at work, and had his advice been taken when the contract was first given out, value would have been forthcoming for public money. But Sir Blundell was kept off at arm's length till it

was too late, and there remained nothing to be done but familiar device of appointing a Committee of Inquiry.

As a result of the debate in the Commons, this process will extend. In Committee on Friday night, when the subject came up, Mr. Brodrick attempted to minimise its importance. Monday, when the vote came up again on the Report stage, found occasion to change his tactics. He admitted the lamentable state of things disclosed, and promised a military inquiry into the share of responsibility that belonged to the head of the Remount Department. That would have served on Friday; it was not nearly enough for the angry House that met on Monday Debate having gone forward for three hours, and the situation looking dangerous, Mr. Balfour interposed and promised a full enquiry conducted "without fear or favour." By these means the vote was carried. But Mr. Bowles, who, among many Ministerialists, sharply attacked the War Office, was quite right in his assertion that had the matter stood alone, separated from a vote of Supply to carry on the war, the Government would have been defeated.

General Ben Viljoen

GENERAL BEN VILJOEN was the second in command of the eastern forces of the Transvaal under Botha, and has long been renowned as one of the most violent Anglophobes in the Transvaal. At one time he was well known in the taverns of Johannesburg, and was always ready for anything in the shape of devilry. He afterwards became a member of the Volksraad, and posed there as a pillar of the "No surrender" party.

When the war broke out he was among the earliest to take the field, serving under Joubert in the invasion of Natal. He fought at Elandslaagte, the first severe defeat inflicted on the Boers, and took part in the siege of Ladysmith. When Mr. Kruger fled, and Mr. Schalk Burger was appointed President, Viljoen was nominated second in command under Louis Botha. Last May he succeeded in breaking through the British cordon and escaping into the bush veldt to the

north, but he came south again, and gave General Sir Bindon Blood a good deal of trouble. He was the hero of the attack on Colonel Beaton when the British camp was rushed and a large body of Victoria Mounted Rifles captured. He it was, too, who led the surprise attack on Helvetia, when a British 4.7 gun was taken. He has throughout shown himself to be a skilful and bold guerilla chieftain.



GENERAL BEN VILJOEN
Captured by Major Orr

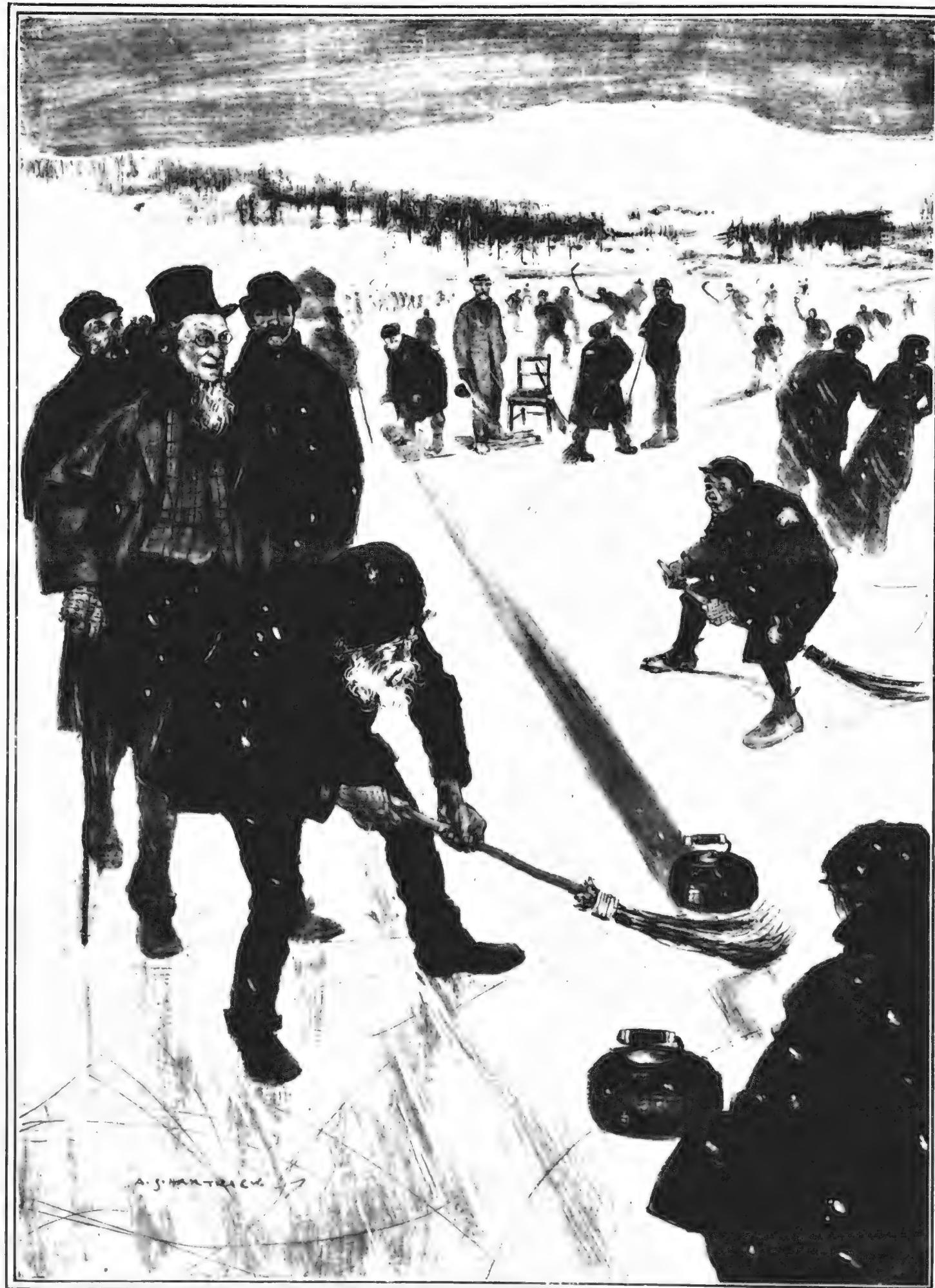


THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE KAISER IN BERLIN

From a Photograph by Anschutz, Berlin



THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., WHO IS DANGEROUSLY ILL
FROM THE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT

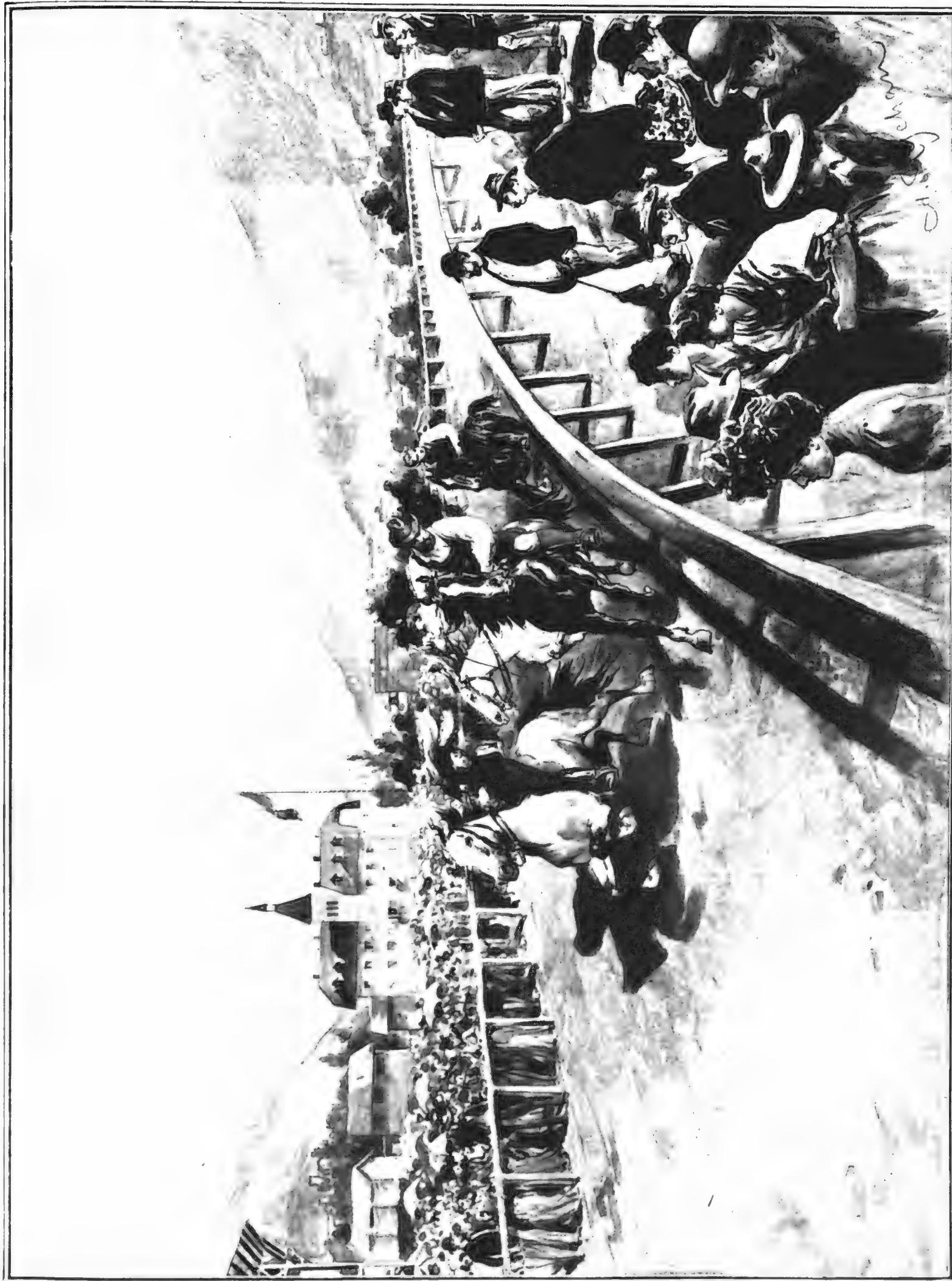


In the North curling is quite as much of an institution as golf—perhaps more so—and possesses the same happy characteristic of being equally suited to young and old. As soon as the ice bears, everyone who can take a holiday is off to the loch armed with a birch broom. The rinks are soon marked out, and matches are arranged. From the laird to the shepherd, all take part, but the minister and the village schoolmaster will usually be found the authorities on all niceties of the game. Curling resembles "bowls," but is conducted with much more spirit; indeed, the warmth

with which the contest is kept up has earned it the title of the "Roaring Game." As the stone slides along the smooth ice-track with a ringing sound, every eye follows its course with a care for the smallest speck of ice or snow. Then a yell from the player of "Soop (sweep) it up man! Soop it up!" to the nearest friend in waiting is heard, and the stone, slackening speed, seems to hang on the very switches of the broom as it slides along to its proper position in the rink.

THE "ROARING GAME": A SCENE ON A HIGHLAND LOCH IN WINTER

DRAWN BY A. B. HARTICK



In the early part of the year, race meetings are constantly held on the course near Meran. These races present a curious spectacle to foreigners, for there appears to be a total absence of the professional element in them, the horses being ridden by peasants in their picturesque garments.

SPORT IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL: A PEASANTS' RACE AT MERAN

DRAWN BY ST. REICHAN

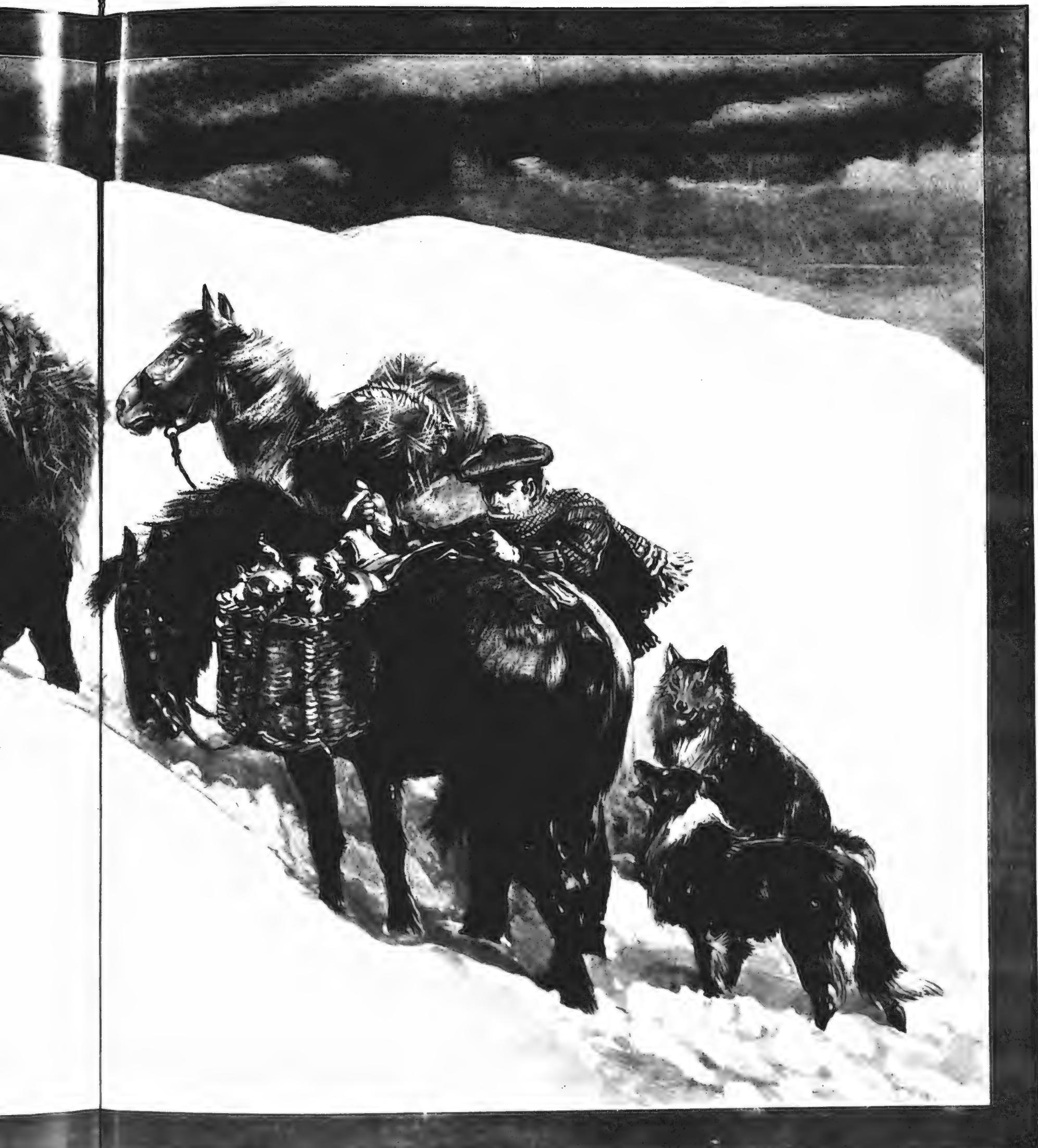


John Charlton

After the recent heavy snowstorms in Northumberland and other border counties, the farmers were compelled to take food to their sheep on the hills. During one severe storm

"FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY": TENDING SNOW-BOUND SHEEP

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



sheep on the hills. During one severe storm three sheep were buried in a Westmoreland drift, and were found some weeks afterwards still alive, and two of them in good condition.

SNOW-BOUND SHEEP ON THE HILLS IN NORTHUMBERLAND

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



The scene of the glorious fight on January 22, 1879, at Rorke's Drift, is now occupied by a church. The farmhouse close by was the hospital of the famous defence. Our photograph is by Major Donegan, R.A.M.C.

A MEMORIAL OF THE ZULU WAR: THE SITE OF THE BATTLE AT RORKE'S DRIFT



This photograph, which is by Major Donegan, R.A.M.C., represents a Lancer scout who has been searching for firewood, bringing back what he thinks will be enough to cook his dinner.

FORAGING ON THE VELDT: FIREWOOD FOR COOKING



DRAWN BY D. B. WATERS

A popular form of amusement in a Cape liner is an obstacle race, which has the merit of vastly entertaining the onlookers as well as being very exciting for those taking part. First there is a net to be climbed—no easy matter when several competitors, trying at once, make it sway about. Then there are lifebelts to be negotiated. These are suspended over a large sail-cloth made to do service as a tub. As the competitors climb through the lifebelts, a dense shower of water is poured on them from above, to the immense delight of the spectators.

SPORTS ON BOARD A SHIP: THE OBSTACLE RACE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. A. GUINNESS

The Bystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTIE

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

FEW people are aware of the annual expense of a fine collection of pictures, and if a calculation were made of the interest on the money that is locked up in the National Gallery, everybody would be astonished at the vastness of the amount. If all the principal collections in England were included in such a calculation we should be perfectly appalled at the enormous sum expended annually for the possession and occasional inspection of works of art. The desire to have such statistics tabulated was awakened in my mind by a story that was told me the other day. Some years ago a Scotchman had a great wish to possess a picture by Turner, and after biding his time bought a very fair specimen of the master for a thousand pounds, which was duly hung in the best light in his house, with a silken curtain to protect it from dust and the gaze of the unauthorised. My friend called to see the new picture, and, congratulating the owner on its beauty, presently said that though the painting was a bargain, it seemed to be a somewhat expensive taste. "Why?" asked the Scotchman. "Because," replied my friend, "you're paying fifty pounds a year for the pleasure of looking at your Turner. You can't see it when the curtain's drawn or when you're asleep, so a good part of the year you're expending a large sum for which you receive no return whatever!" This common-sense view of the subject so appealed to the Scotchman's views on economy that he straightway sent his Turner to Christie's, where it was sold for twelve hundred pounds, and he thenceforth gave up being a patron of the fine arts.

The advocates of the morning hot-bath—I have taken it in preference to cold for many years—are daily increasing. It always seems to me to be not only more cleansing, but infinitely more invigorating. There is yet another condition in its favour. We are told that all water, unless boiled, is full of microbes, so that the taker of the cold bath, in addition to turning blue and making his teeth chatter, distributes microbes all over him, and not only that, but he rubs them well into his skin. Depend upon it the steaming hot-bath is not only the most comfortable but the most sanitary.

Some exception has been taken to my remarks with regard to the gratuitous distribution of string by postmen. A correspondent from Sidcup, who signs himself "R.U.M.," says:—"We"—(Is R.U.M. a King, or an editor, or a firm, that he writes of himself as "we"?)—"do not mind betting you a hundred to one that if you tried for a year you could not tie a knot with your foot." (I beg leave to say that I never attempted to do anything of the kind. "We" make this assertion having practically tried the trick, with the result that none of us have come to grief." My correspondent then, like Silas Wegg, "drops into poesy" as follows:

Filled to the neck with rum and wine,
I tread upon a piece of twine.
Hung by a postman on the ground
When he had done his morning round.
A icky soon came up, of course
A splendid sample of the force.
He promptly ran his victim o',
And swore I smelt of rum and wine!
A night in quad and then a fine
For treading on a piece of twine!
I vow my luck is mighty hard,
I am a creature evl-starred.
Upon these little bits of strong
My blame and curses hor I fling;
But I have heard that others think
My fall was due to too much drink!

A night in a police cell, a fine and loss of character! Well, well, despite his asseverations to the contrary, I think my correspondent decidedly *did* come to grief, and I am surprised at his



The scheme for the defence of Cape Colony includes the formation in each district of Mounted Troops and a Town Guard, on similar lines to our home Volunteer force. The three smart young buglers here represented are the youngest members of the Town Guard at Colesberg. Two of the lads are Scottish and the other Irish; they are the sons respectively of a prominent merchant, a tea-leaf physician, and the Postmaster.

THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE TOWN GUARD AT COLESBERG

making his peccadilloes public. Let us hope the Sidecup police will keep their eye upon all persons trying to tie knots with their feet. After all, the very signature of the letter, "R.U.M.," has a somewhat bibulous character.

The London County Council has recently given the theatres considerable attention. Would it be too much to ask it to extend its supervision to minor halls and chapels, which are often crammed to suffocation, and whose means of exit are lamentably deficient? Some of these have only one exit, and take at least ten minutes to empty when people are going out in the ordinary way. They are like a big bottle with a very narrow neck, and in the event of a panic numbers would be crushed, and if a real fire occurred many would be roasted before they could possibly escape.

Judging from the varied communications I have received on the subject, my notes on the Light Railway Locust and the Pushful Train seem to be generally approved. A correspondent is good enough to call my attention to the contemplated invasion of Clapham Park—a quiet and beautiful district of nearly three hundred acres of woodland. He tells me that "It is a very paradise for birds of many kinds, and roses grow and bloom there equal to any country garden." But he furthermore informs me that "the proposed London and Brighton Electric Railway will, if their scheme is successful, run a viaduct right across the best part of the estate and so destroy the charm and rusticity of the whole."



During his recent tour in Burma, the Viceroy made a great point of seeing as many of the tribesmen as he could. At Yenanghat, where his Excellency stopped to see the oil wells, for which the place is famous, he inspected a regiment of Chin Police, who had been brought down from the Upper Chindwin to meet him. These men, whose head-dress of feathers and bare feet are very noticeable, form very serviceable troops, and are highly spoken of.

LORD CURZON'S TOUR: CHIN POLICE INSPECTED AT YENANGHAT

Among the Mexican Cave-Dwellers

DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ, the Norwegian explorer, who spent five years in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History of New York in the hitherto unknown regions of North-Western Mexico, claims to be the first white man who has lived among the cave-dwellers in those parts. On his return from his travels Dr. Lumholtz gave a vivid description of his life and travels among the wild Indian tribes of the Western Sierra Madre, and especially among the cave-dwellers, who still live in the same primitive way as their



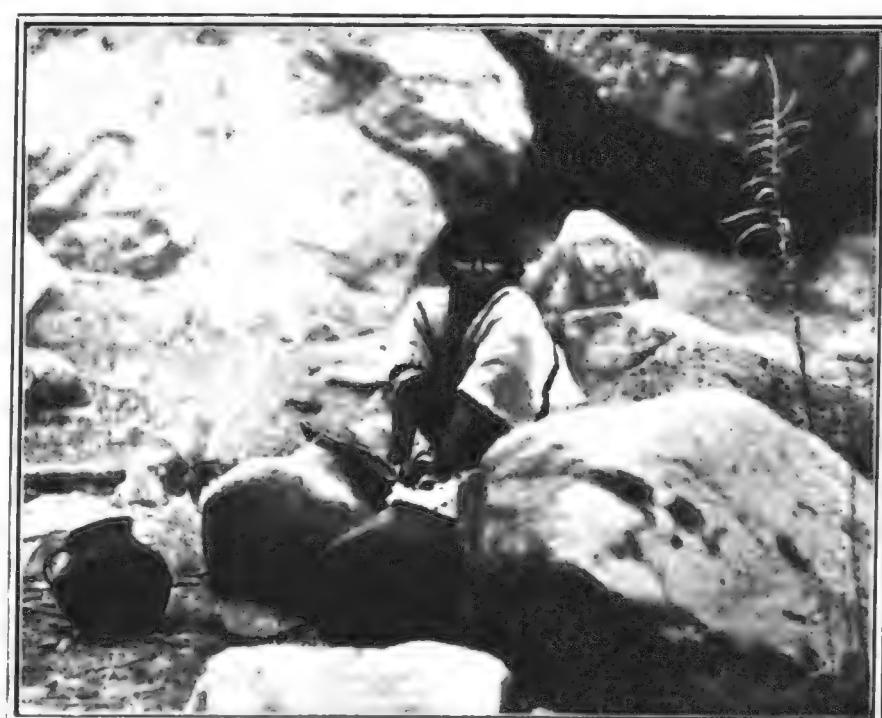
DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ

forefathers many thousand years ago. In order to study these interesting people he sent back the entire staff of his expedition and lived alone among them. At first the tribes objected to his taking up his abode among them, but eventually he was allowed to remain. He learnt their ways, their language, and their songs, and joined in their dances. One chief among the cave-dwellers even went so far as to offer him his daughter in marriage, and on another occasion he was nearly married to one of the Cora tribe at the express wish of the girl's family, but he declined both offers. The Mexican Indians are monogamists, and lead, on the whole, a happy existence. They are very intellectual, and are, according to Dr. Lumholtz, a far superior race to their kinsmen in the United States and South America. Among many of the tribes he found a higher degree of morality than in civilised countries. Theft and many of the worst forms of disease are unknown among them. The land is held in common. Their principal food consists of Indian corn and beans. Our portrait of Dr. Lumholtz is by Butler, Brooklyn.

FLORAL DECORATIONS AT LONDON BALLS are often so beautiful and costly that it seems a pity they should only be enjoyed for a night. As balls are sure to be extra plentiful this grand Coronation season, why should not hostesses take a hint from New York society and send the flowers to the hospitals and the poor? One of the prominent Society leaders has formed a guild for collecting and distributing the flowers from big balls, receptions, dinners and weddings, so that they give double pleasure.



ANCIENT CAVE DWELLING IN NORTHERN MEXICO



A WOMAN OF THE CAVE-DWELLING TRIBE GRINDING CORN

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF MEXICO



READY TO START

Ballooning as a Recreation

A MOST interesting balloon excursion was made on January 18 from Sevenoaks, writes Mr. Percival Spencer. Mr. Leslie Bucknall who has had "motor carring" as his hobby for several years, finding that his flights along the road are continually interrupted by "summons" from the powers that be, conceived the idea of taking his flights above their reach, and organised the present trip as the first of his series. The day proved glorious, as if to disprove the popular idea that the winter-time is bad for the aeronaut. Searely a breath of wind stirred, and therefore at the start the balloon was so tranquil that it was possible to photograph it as it was held captive a few feet off the ground. Mr. Bucknall and his little daughter may be seen in the car, as well as Mr. James Dixon and Mr. Stanley Spencer, who, with the writer in place of the little girl, constituted the party which subsequently sailed away with the balloon. The trip was notable on account of the circuitous course taken. Floating at a height of about half a mile, Sevenoaks was crossed, a photograph of the start being taken, and at Under-river the balloon was permitted to reach the ground. Its course had been due south. After a few words with the folks who ran up, the balloon was permitted to sail off again by discharging ballast. It now made for the south-east and crossed Hadlow and the River Medway, until Five Mile Oak, near Padlock Wood, was underneath. Here the balloon was again allowed to land, and the aerial voyagers proceeded for a speedy luncheon to the local hostelry, leaving the balloon in charge of the interested inhabitants of the village, some of whom—mostly the ladies—were subsequently permitted to enjoy a few captive ascents under the charge of the aeronaut, pending the return of the others of the party from the village. The next time the balloon ascended, the party was carried in a south-westerly direction, and thereby described a circle round Tonbridge. As the sun set, the balloon slowly descended, and after passing over the woods in Eridge Park, landed near the station of that name, was speedily emptied of its gas, and packed up for the return journey by railway. The start was made at 12.30 p.m., and the descent at 4.30 p.m., so that the trip had occupied four hours, a pleasant voyage over the Weald of Kent.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEVENOAKS

themselves to receive from the Fates, perchance propitious, the academic kerchief, number not fewer than 154. But among these are many who have not the slightest chance, some, even, who have not exhibited for years. On the other hand, the lists lack the names of certain men who are not without likelihood of the Academy's favour—and of others, again, who do not aspire to



Mr. Stanley Spencer

Mr. Bucknall and his daughter

Mr. James Dixon

BEFORE THE ASCE

recognition at Burlington House. The document is not intended for publication, so that the privacy of the details must be respected, but to the man behind the scenes it is full of interest and suggestion.

It is not often that an art critic is publicly honoured by the authorities and by the artists themselves; but the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse is a striking exception—and the public are the gainers. The deceased writer was in possession of a characteristic head of Turner by himself when young, executed in water-colour; and a small committee of artists and friends (including Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., and Mr. G. Frampton, A.R.A.) was organised to raise a fund sufficient to purchase the portrait and present it to the National Portrait Gallery in memory of their friend. This has now been done; the Trustees have accepted it, and the interesting little work now forms part of the national collection.

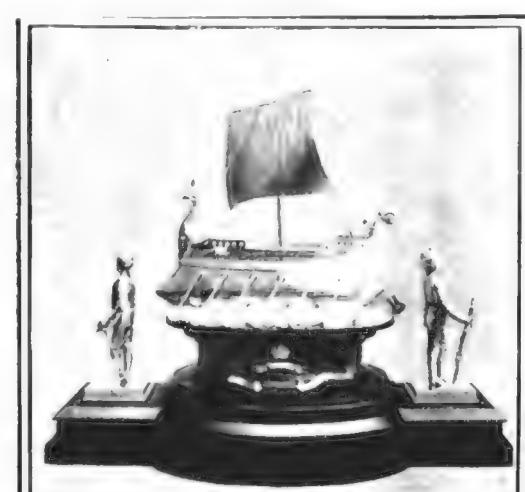
The memory of Mr. Onslow Ford—so dear to all who knew him—is similarly to be honoured, though it is too early to announce exactly what form the memorial will take. It is hoped, however, that it will consist in the setting up of one of his most successful figures in an open space, but where this will be cannot yet be announced. The exact proposals of the Committee are admirable; if they can be realised the public will be benefited not less than the memory of the delightful sculptor.

In last week's *GRAPHIC* a picture of far more than ordinary interest was presented to the reader. This was the portrait of Edward VI., attributed to William Stretes, and belonging to Sir Charles Robinson. Now William Stretes, the Dutchman, who was Court Painter to Edward VI. during the King's short life, as Holbein had been to his father, Henry VIII., is known chiefly by the two portraits he painted of the young King, and the other of the Earl of Surrey—probably that now in Hampton Court. This Edward VI. is probably one of the two "great tables" (a full-length panel pictures used to be called) which the King had painted in 1551 for his two ambassadors, Sir T. Hoby and Sir T. Merton. It is, of course, very similar in arrangement to the so-called Holbein at Windsor.



This picture, which belonged to the Borghese family, was offered to Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., who agreed to purchase it if delivered outside the Italian frontier for 150,000/. Thereupon the Borghese family asked the Italian Government for permission to export this great Titian on condition of making over to the State the remainder of the Borghese gallery. They met with a point-blank refusal; but negotiations proceeded, which ended in September, 1890, in a contract entered into by the Government, subject to ratification by the Chambers, for the purchase at the near equivalent of this offer, 3,500,000 lire, of the gallery with the villa, which had been for years a burden and charge to the Borghese family. The Parliamentary ratification was given only a few weeks ago, and villa and gallery are now national property. We are enabled to reproduce the picture through the courtesy of Messrs. Colnaghi.

TITIAN'S FAMOUS PICTURE, 'DIVINE AND PROFANE LOVE,' RECENTLY BOUGHT BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT



A sterling silver centrepiece has just been modelled for the 9th Madras Infantry. It forms an exact replica of their regimental badge, with the figures of a native officer and Havildar, both in fighting kit, added at either extremity. It is intended for addition to the regimental plate. It was modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street.

A FINE PIECE OF REGIMENTAL PLATE

Our Portraits

SURGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM NASH, retired list, A.M.S., died at the residence of Surgeon-General Meane, 98, Ebury Street, S.W., on January 19, of pneumonia, aged 62. He joined the Army Medical Department as assistant-surgeon, April 14, 1863, and retired two years ago for age, after holding the appointment of P.M.O., Netley Hospital, for some time, during which he did much to benefit the institution and promote the welfare of staff and patients alike. He served in the Afghan War, 1878-80, and in the Egyptian War, 1882. Our portrait is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

The Bishop of Colombo, who succeeds Dr. Welldon as Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, is the senior and the most experienced of the prelates of the province of India. The Right Rev. Reginald Stephen Copleston is a son of the late Rev. R. E. Copleston, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and was born at Barnes Rectory in 1845. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Merton College, Oxford. He was admitted to deacon's orders in 1872. In 1875, he was ordained priest, admitted to the degree of D.D., and consecrated Bishop of Colombo (in succession to Dr. Jermyn), with a rapidity of advance which has rarely happened in modern times to a man of thirty years of age. But he had proved his capacity in the schools, at the Union, as joint editor of the *Oxford Spectator*, and as a college tutor. His work as an Indian prelate has been characterised by a careful study of the native religions. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

(1882-83), missionary chaplain (1885-86), and vicar of St. James's Pro-Cathedral, Townsville (1886-91). He was made honorary canon of the diocese in 1887 and in 1891, on the promotion of Bishop Stanton, was elected Bishop of North Queensland, receiving at the same time the Lambeth degree of D.D. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, K.C.B., who has been appointed Governor of the State of New South Wales, has had a distinguished career in the Royal Navy. He was born in 1843, and became a naval cadet in 1857. Serving throughout the Chinese War of 1858-61, he commanded 1,300 Chinese troops for the defence of Ningpo against the Taiping rebels. He was wounded during the campaign. In 1861 he was thanked on the quarter-deck of his ship for jumping overboard at night and saving the life of a marine in Shanghai River. The Admiralty thanked him for his report, in 1878, on the capabilities of defence of the Suez Canal, and the same year he personally hoisted the British flag at Nicosia, in Cyprus. He served in Egypt as principal transport officer at the time of the Arabi rebellion in 1882. In 1895 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Cape Station. Under his command a British squadron bombarded the Sultan's palace at Zanzibar in 1896, and he also commanded the Benin Expedition in the following year. Last year Sir Harry hauled down his flag, after commanding the Channel Squadron for the usual term of three years with much distinction. The K.C.B. was conferred upon him in 1897. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

great fancy to her, and gave her her first lessons in acting, by which she quickly profited. The result was that in 1841 she achieved considerable success in comedy, especially at Leghorn. In 1847 she married the Marquis Capraniola del Grillo, and retired from the stage for a time, reappearing in 1850, when her "Myrrha" had an enormous success. She then made a tour of Italy, and in 1855 she made her *début* in Paris, scoring an overwhelming success, the French Government vainly trying to attach her permanently to the Comédie Française. She afterwards appeared in England, where her reception was scarcely less enthusiastic. In 1857 she had a similar triumph in Spain, and in 1866 and 1867 in Holland and Russia. In 1866 she toured through North and South America with prodigious success. After an absence of fifteen years Madame Ristori again appeared in London on June 11, 1873, and on November 8 of the same year she took farewell of the English stage at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. She appeared again, however, on a few occasions in 1882, and acted *Lady Macbeth* with all her old distinction. Fifteen years ago she finally retired from the stage.

Sir John Braddick Monckton, the Town Clerk of the City of London, was in his seventieth year. He was born at Maidstone, of which his father was Town Clerk, in 1832, and was educated at Rugby. After practising for some time as a solicitor he was elected Town Clerk of London in 1873, on the resignation of Mr. Frederick Woodthorpe. Sir John, who was knighted in 1880, was re-elected annually in each subsequent year, the last—the thirtieth—occasion being on Thursday in the past week. He was a leading Freemason,



THE LATE SURGEON-GEN. W. NASH, M.D.
Afghan Veteran



THE RIGHT REV. R. S. COPLESTON
New Bishop of Calcutta



THE LATE DR. G. B. ARNOLD
Organist of Winchester Cathedral



THE RIGHT REV. C. G. BARLOW
New Bishop of Goulburn



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON
Appointed Governor of New South Wales



MR. SAMUEL ROBERTS
New M.P. for Sheffield (Ecclesall Division)



MR. M. RIDLEY CORBET
The New A.R.A.



MADAME RISTORI
Who has just celebrated her eightieth birthday



MR. G. F. BODLEY
The New R.A.



THE LATE SIR J. B. MONCKTON
Town Clerk of the City of London

The death of Dr. Arnold, for thirty-seven years organist of Winchester, is loss of one of our best Cathedral organists. Arnold was also a prolific composer, for he wrote an oratorio, *Her*, for the National Choral Society at Exeter Hall, as far back as 1864, and a cantata, *Sennacherib*, for the Gloucester Festival of 1883, although both works are now forgotten. He was born at Petworth in 1832, and was a pupil at Winchester of the famous Samuel Sebastian Wesley, grandson of the hymn writer. He filled several organ posts, until in 1865 he was called from the office of organist at New College, Oxford, to take the post at Winchester, which was then vacated by his old master, Wesley, who in that year became organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and Conductor of the Three Choirs Festivals. In his younger days, Dr. Arnold was a famous pianist, and he appeared at Ella's Musical Union and other London concerts. It was, however, as an organist and church musician that his name will best be recollected. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Right Rev. Christopher George Barlow, Bishop of North Queensland, who has been elected Bishop of Goulburn in succession to the late Dr. Chalmers, has passed the whole of his ministerial life in Australia. He was ordained deacon and priest in 1881 and 1882 by Dr. Stanton (now Bishop of Newcastle, N.S.W.), his only predecessor in the See of North Queensland, and was successively vicar of Mackay (1881-82), vicar of St. Paul's, Charters Towers

Mr. Samuel Roberts, the new Conservative M.P. for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield, was born on April 30, 1852. He was educated at Repton School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1878, but does not practise, being engaged in many large commercial undertakings and in public work in Sheffield. He is a director of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., Sheffield, of the Sheffield Banking Company, and of J. Grayson, Lowood and Co., of Deepcar, Sheffield, brick manufacturers, colliery owners, etc.; chairman of Messrs. Wright, Bindley and Co., Armstrong Works, Chester Street, Birmingham; umbrella rib manufacturers, and manufacturers of steel saws, files, etc., in Birmingham and Sheffield, and is connected with other undertakings. Mr. Roberts is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the West Riding of the county of Yorkshire, and a magistrate for the City of Sheffield, of which he served the office of Lord Mayor in 1900-1, and is also assistant chairman of the West Riding Quarter Sessions. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Adelaide Ristori, the world-famous actress, who celebrated her eightieth birthday last week, comes of an obscure family of minor players, and was born at Cividale on January 29, 1822. When a baby of only two months she was brought on the stage, and at four years of age began to play children's parts. At twelve she appeared as a soubrette, and at fourteen she took the leading role in *Pellico's Francesca da Rimini*. The famous Charlotte Marchionni took a

being a Past Grand Warden in craft rank, and for many years he was chairman of the Board of General Purposes. He married, in 1848, Maria Louisa, second daughter of the late Mr. Peter B. Long, of Ipswich. Our portrait is by Arthur Weston, Poultry.

Our portrait of Mr. Corbet is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, and of Mr. Bodley by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The "Golden Penny" Football Album

WHEN it is considered what great interest is now taken in Association Football it is surprising that a publication similar to the *Golden Penny* Football Album has not been issued before. Possibly the difficulty experienced by most photographers in inducing famous football players to sit for their photographs has deterred others from attempting to form a complete collection of such pictures. However, where others have failed the *Golden Penny* has certainly succeeded. The Football Album contains photographs of fifty of the best teams now playing, and the letterpress in the Album is filled with facts and figures of special interest to football players. The Album is well printed on good paper, and as it is sold at the popular price of twopence, it will doubtless soon be in the hands of every lover of the game in the Kingdom.



BEGINNING THE WORK



AFTER TWO OR THREE HOURS



AFTER FOUR OR FIVE HOURS

The Blockhouse System in South Africa

THE impatient critics who grumble constantly at the length of the war, and impute it to bad management, not only forget the enormous tract of country that has to be cleared, but are unfair to Lord Kitchener, whose work in South Africa has been worthy of the highest praise. In January last year there were as many as thirty cases of train-wrecking by the Boers, and during September and October there were only two. Thanks to Lord Kitchener's system of blockhouses, it is now possible to travel from the Cape to Pretoria without danger. The railways are practically safe, and this happy state of affairs has been attained by armoured trains working in conjunction with the blockhouses. The blockhouses are rapidly built, taking twelve men and twenty natives only about eight hours to erect. They are for the most part constructed of corrugated iron, supporting twenty-four inches of rammed stone ballast, surrounded by barbed wire. Inside there is a cistern of water and a reserve of rations for a week. Of course, such flimsy forts as these would be worse than useless if the Boers had any artillery, but as it is, they not only protect the lines, but they are serious obstacles in the way of free movement on the part of the Boer commandos. All the main railways are commanded by rifle fire, and besides this the chain of blockhouses is being continued from point to point, thus shutting in the Boers within certain districts. The cordon will gradually be drawn tighter and tighter. The blockhouses are placed about a mile or 2,000 yards apart, and very often they are connected by barbed wire which cannot be cut without raising an alarm. Some four thousand of these little forts have already been erected, and another thousand are being constructed. Each blockhouse is connected with the nearest mobile force by telephone. Boers have rushed the blockade more than once, but the cases are growing rarer every day. A scheme of defence of this magnitude has not only cost money and a vast deal of labour, but it also requires a large number of troops to garrison the blockhouses, each of which requires some ten men. Sir Howard Vincent, who has just returned from South Africa, in the course of a lecture at the United Service Institution, said that each blockhouse costs from 50/- to 200/-, the average cost being 70/-. The garrisons are, in most cases, supplemented by a couple of dogs, and a favourite device of the garrison is to place a dummy sentinel, fearfully and wonderfully made, outside to attract Boer bullets. A glance at the accompanying rough sketch map of the field of operations will show how the plan works. The thick black lines are railways, all of which are protected by blockhouses, and the chains show the lines of blockhouses either constructed or about to be constructed. Viljoen, whose field of operations is roughly shown on the map, has been already captured. De Wet, it would appear, is in a tight place, surrounded, as he soon will be, completely by the chain of blockhouses. It would take, it is fair to suppose, all the cunning for which De Wet is famous, to break from the cordon that is closing round him in the Heilbron-Frankfort-Vrede-Harrismith district. But prophecy is unsafe in things South African. Louis Botha (not to be confused with Hans, who has just been captured) is, it would seem, in much the same uncomfortable position in the Standerton-Ermelo district. Delarey, who is operating somewhere between Pretoria and Mafeking, is in not much better plight, while in those places where there are still marauding bands under less important leaders, the mobile columns are always driving the Boers before them, and the latter will be

hemmed in, too, it is to be hoped. Our illustrations show a blockhouse in the course of construction. This particular form of block is said to be the invention of Lieutenant Doucet, R.E., but readers of THE GRAPHIC will remember illustrations of other blockhouses which have been made by utilising buildings already in existence at the side of the railway.

It is interesting to note that blockhouses were used by us more than a century ago in St. Vincent, where in 1772 a plan almost



COMPLETED IN EIGHT HOURS

THE BUILDING OF A BLOCKHOUSE

exactly similar to the blockhouse system in South Africa was designed by General Dalrymple for the reduction of the Caribs and the protection of the British settlers.

A correspondent writes saying: "As Lord Kitchener is employed in South Africa in working out the blockhouse system, the accompanying sketch, made some years since, may be of interest, as it shows what was done in Circassia by the Russians on the shores of that unfortunate country after the capture of Schamyl. The Caucasus, it must be remembered, took the Russians nearly fifty years to conquer. The war began in 1813, and in many respects resembled the campaign in South Africa. The Russians suffered many disasters, and at length General Vorontzoff invented the blockhouse system. These blockhouses became a continuous line of fortifications, and the area bound was continually contracted by the building of new lines of blockhouses, thus narrowing the field of operations of the enemy. But even so, the Circassians often broke through the line, and Russian garrisons in the blockhouses were surprised and slaughtered to a man. It was a long, weary task that the Russians set themselves to accomplish, and that they succeeded in the end, though only at the cost of practically exterminating the enemy, says much for their perseverance. Blockhouses then were very different to those that are springing up like mushrooms in South Africa, and took a great more labour and time to build. The country at the end of the war, as said above, was practically depopulated and left to nature, the only inhabitants being a few Germans and other immigrants, who were allowed plots of land for next to nothing. The blockhouses built by the Russians were of wood, with a lookout above and a place for the horses below. I once spent a week with a Russian friend in one of them. Our only means of signalling was to light a fire on the hills, the light at night and the smoke by day being easily discernible at a distance."



A BLOCKHOUSE AT COUBINSKI, NEAR BOCHI, IN THE CAUCASES

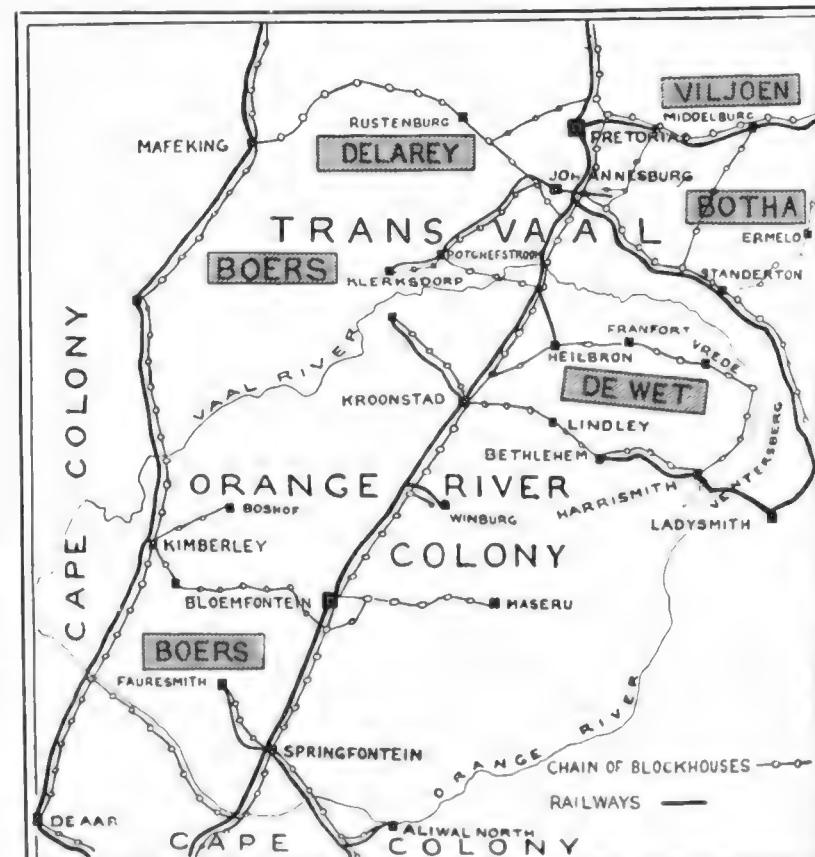
Paris Sottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

PARIS is preparing actively for the Carnival, and is even going to organise two processions, one on the right and the other on the left bank of the Seine. That on the right bank is organised by the great markets of Paris and that on the left by the students. The latter, if not the more gorgeous, will undoubtedly be the more amusing of the two. From certain points of view this division of the Carnival procession in two sections is regrettable. The Carnival spirit is undoubtedly dying out in Paris. The single procession had already begun to suffer from this. It therefore seems a mistake to make a double claim on the public this year.

One of the chief enemies of the Carnival in Paris is the climate. The Parisian, both male and female, is at all times ready to amuse himself or herself and contribute to the amusement of others; but pouring rain and cold wind, which only too often characterise the Shrove Tuesday, will damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic. It requires the blue sky and brilliant sun of Italy on the Riviera to give birth to the fine spirit of carnival. As a result the observance of the Carnival in Paris is always less gay than that of the Mi-Carême, or Mid-Lent, twenty days later. By March the weather in Paris has generally changed for the better, and outdoor amusements are more popular.

The Queen of Queens of the procession has this year been chosen by the Temple Market. Some years ago that monarch of a day was chosen by the washerwomen of Paris, a numerous and powerful corporation in a city where everybody, high and low, has to have their washing done outside the house. Some of the *lavoirs* employ over a hundred women. Each *lavoir* then chose its *Reine*, and these in their turn chose the *Reine des Reines*, the principal figure in the Mi-Carême procession. She receives a thousand francs, a ring and a bracelet from the city of Paris, and is received by the President of the Republic, who generally presents her with a second gold bracelet. The Royal robes, in white satin, are provided by the committee. The position is, therefore, an enviable one, and is eagerly competed for by the various candidates.



MAP OF THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING THE LINES OF BLOCKHOUSES CONSTRUCTED OR IN THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

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Some years ago the market-women decided that they, too, would take part in the procession, so it was arranged that the *Reine des Reines* would be provided by the *lavoirs* and markets in alternate years. This year it is the turn of the markets, and a young woman, Madame Roche, of the Temple Market, has been chosen. The glory of the Queen of Queens—ephemeral as it is—is none the less real. The lucky young woman is generally interviewed conscientiously by all the Paris newspapers, and the illustrated journals always publish her portrait. On her day of sovereignty her faithful subjects of Paris invariably acclaim her with enthusiasm.

The tempest of snow that swept over Paris last Sunday made the inhabitants of the French capital somewhat anxious, for an old French adage declares that

*A le Chantefleur,
L'hiver s'en va ou prend vigueur.*

and there seemed but little doubt that the latter part of the saying was coming true. As the snowstorm was followed by a brilliant sun, the city was for some hours wonderfully beautiful, especially that most magnificent avenue, the Champs Elysées. But, unfortunately, the aesthetic side was not long the preponderating one, and the streets and avenues soon became a sea of mud. In fact, I never saw Paris so neglected as concerns the street cleaning. The new Nationalist Municipal Council allows the great arteries of the city to become regular sloughs of despond. In addition, the work on the new underground line has torn up miles of streets, which, under the influence of neglect of the authorities, have been transformed into a wilderness.

The mind of the average French Nationalist seems to be organised on lines which defy comprehension. The latest example is the appeal issued by the "Committee of Succour for the Boers," presided over by that eminent Academician M. Jules Lemaitre. The object of the committee is to raise funds to alleviate the miseries alleged to exist in concentration camps. After intimating that the occupants of these camps are being starved to death by the callous British authorities the French nation is called upon to subscribe for their relief. The inducement to do so is stated to be that every sou thus given will enable the Boers in the field to continue the war with vigour, as they well know that their wives and families are being well looked after. After this statement of their avowed intentions in raising the fund, the committee evidently expects the British authorities, military and civil, to become their accomplices by forwarding the results to the concentration camps. This is a degree of impudence which it would be difficult to understand if we did not know it was near the French General Election. The Boer Committee is not supposed to be a political organisation,



Captain J. Ponsonby, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards, is in command of the second company of mounted infantry supplied by the Brigade of Guards. He is shown in the photograph seated in front of the motor-car. Behind him are Second Lieutenant the Hon. M. B. Ponsonby and Second Lieutenant H. Ward, and on the last seat are Second Lieutenants T. B. Van De Weyer and J. H. J. Phillips. The white baton denotes Coldstream Guards and the chevrons denote the Scots Guards. The others seated in the middle below respectively to the Grenadiers and Irish Guards, whose distinctive bands are not distinguishable in our picture, but a glance at the buttons of their jackets shows that the nearer officer is a Grenadier and the other an Irish Guard. Our photograph is by J. W. Russell and Co., West Kensington.

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but as there is not a single member of the committee who is not a militant Nationalist, it is clearly brought into being to catch votes. Under those circumstances, it is a means of French political propaganda, and the sufferings of the Boers are entirely of secondary interest.

Music Notes

M. YSAYE made his first appearance this season at Mr. Newman's Symphony Concert on Saturday. The Belgian violinist will only play twice in London this spring, but it is hoped he will be back in the summer. He gave on Saturday a wonderfully fine performance of Dr. Max Bruch's now seldom played

second Violin Concerto in D minor, natively written for Señor Sarasate, who, like Ysaye, always made a special feature of opening adagio. M. Ysaye played even better the effective concert Fantasia written by Russian composer Rimsky Korsakoff on Russian folk-songs. He likewise played his adaptation of Dr. Saint-Saëns' Waltz Study in this concert, by the way, an extract from Richard Strauss's latest opera, *The Fire Fair*, was produced. The opera was first seen on stage at Dresden as recently as last November.

The Bohemian Quartet Party made their final appearance in London on Monday, and during the week we have had numerous chamber concerts, including recitals by Miss Susan Strong, a voice well known in the concert room and at the Opera, by Señor Sobrino, the pianist, by the Misses Lee and Anna Lowe, and by numerous others. Madame Carreño, at the "Pop" on Saturday, gave a wonderfully fine reading of Schumann's *Symphonic Studies*, music which suits her style far better than some Chopin pieces in which she was afterwards heard. At the same concert M. Thomson introduced a curious version of Corelli's famous violin sonata, *La Folia*.

Mr. Coleridge Taylor's music, specially composed for the production at Her Majesty's Theatre of *Ulysses*, will no doubt be heard later as an orchestral suite in the concert room, in which form, by the way, some of its music, including the tenor legend of the return of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, the drinking song, and the Nymph's song for female chorus and orchestra, will probably be omitted. The orchestral portions, however, comprise a Prelude in rondo form, based upon themes intended to represent firstly the gods on Olympus, secondly Calypso's Island (from this theme, by the way, the Nymphs' chorus is partly borrowed), and also a theme typical of Hades, and a theme of Home, upon which the tenor song is partly founded.

Dr. W. O. Perkins, for many years a prominent American musician, died last week at the age of seventy-two. His younger brother, an operatic basso, who predeceased him by nearly thirty years, was the first husband of Madame Marie Roze.

With reference to a paragraph last week regarding the young English pianist, Mr. E. Howard Jones, it should have been mentioned that the Hopkinson Gold Medal of the Royal College of Music was gained by him a year or so since Mr. Howard Jones, who has been studying at Berlin, where he has played with much success, will shortly make his *début* in London.

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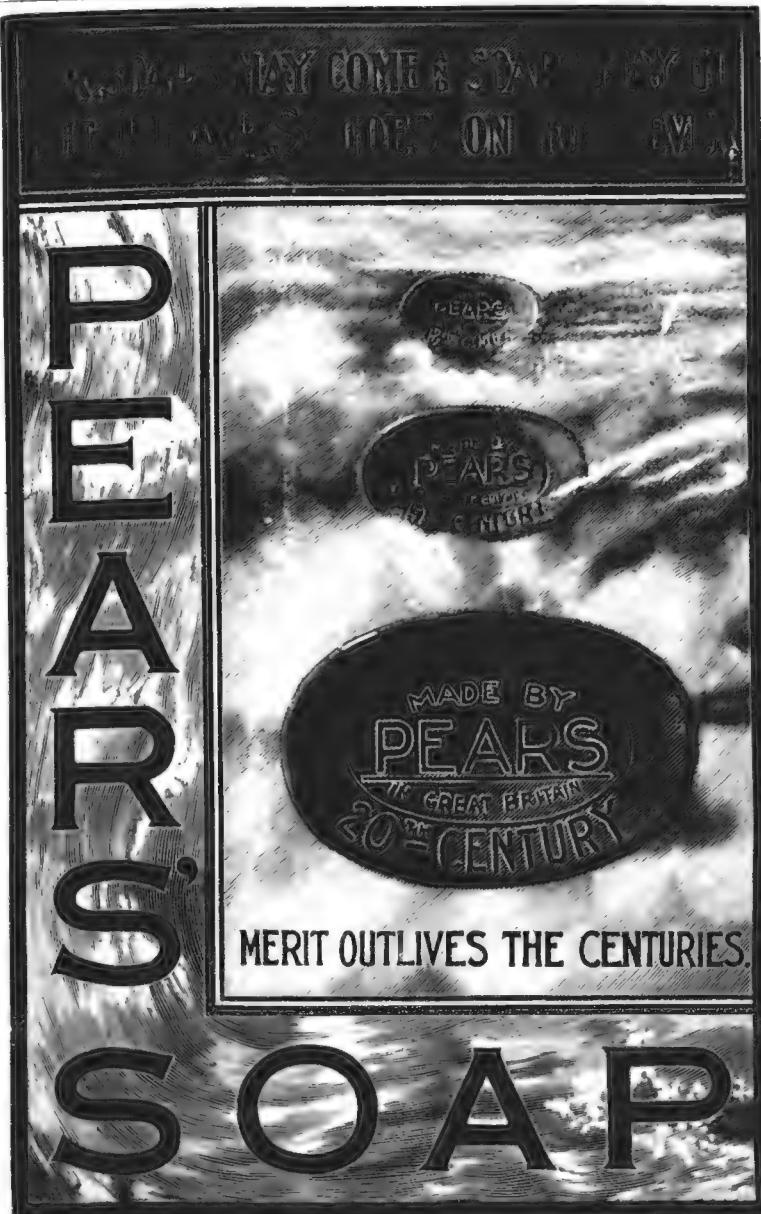
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Our Bookshelf

"CECIL RHODES".

MR. HENSMAN's bulky volume on Cecil Rhodes sheds very little new light on the character or career of the man who has written his name so large in South Africa, but is rather an elaborate and very carefully compiled narrative of his life's work. Such little as there is to be known of the subject's life we already knew; it is only here told in a little greater detail. That he was a slight, delicate child, that he went to the Cape for his health, that he divided his time until he took his degree between Africa and Oriel College, that he was early bitten with the idea of amassing great wealth to further his great schemes—all this is more or less familiar, and the few glimpses given of him at Oxford are not particularly illuminative. As an unbiassed record, though, of the achievements of the man who consolidated the diamond industry, added Rhodesia to British territory, and is in a fair way to unite North and South Africa with telegraph and railway, the book is not without interest, for it brings out very strongly the man's persistence, energy, and capacity for not merely subordinating everything to the one object in view, but making everything further the scheme of the moment. Rhodes is always thinking about what he will do the year after next, some one once said of him, and this book illustrates the truth of the remark. Mr. Hensman holds no brief for his subject. "I decline absolutely," he says, "to regard Mr. Rhodes either as a heaven-sent statesman or the incarnation of all that is wicked. He is in my eyes an empire-builder of great originality, and a man who makes a most fascinating study." Consequently there is no attempt to whitewash him over the Raid. He laid the train, and though it was prematurely fired, the responsibility rests with him very clearly, while he makes no secret of the fact that when Jameson's famous telegrams arrived at Groot Schuur announcing his start, Rhodes was so upset that his mental capacity was "absolutely deranged" for a time, and he was wholly incapable of grappling with what was, in truth, a knotty problem. In later days, too, he makes no attempt to disguise the fact that the friction with Colonel Kekewich over the defence of Kimberley was not wholly to Rhodes's credit. But when all is said and done, the faults of Mr. Cecil Rhodes still appear the faults of a large man, not of a small one, and Mr. Hensman neatly hits the mark when he says, "It is an unfortunate truth that on several occasions a kink in Mr. Rhodes's mental organism has led him to regard himself . . . as being above the rules which should, and which do, control the movements of an ordinary individual." One point more in reading this book strikes one as not a little curious. Infinitely far-seeing in many ways, in other ways Mr. Rhodes would seem to be singularly obtuse. Passing over the Raid, which does little credit to his shrewdness, in his forecasts as to relations with whites and blacks he has been singularly unhappy. Talking to the shareholders of the Chartered Company, in 1892, he said, "I have not the least fear of any trouble in the future from Lobengula." In six months there was open war. Again, three months before Kruger's ultimatum and the outbreak of hostilities, in a speech at Cape Town, he said:

The notion of the Transvaal being able to trouble Great Britain at all seriously is too ridiculous. I always think that President Kruger must be very proud of himself. I should feel alarmed if I heard that the Tsar was going to Peking, or

"Cecil Rhodes." By Howard Hensman. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)



Captain N. R. Howse, of the New South Wales A.M.C., was presented by the Governor, Sir Frederick Darling, at Sydney, with the Victoria Cross he had won in South Africa. The function was made the occasion of an imposing military gathering. One of the most interesting incidents of the ceremony forms the subject of our illustration. Two old veterans who had seen considerable service, as the medals they wore bore witness, and both of whom had the Victoria Cross, congratulated the young officer on the honour conferred upon him.

THE FIRST VICTORIA CROSS IN NEW SOUTH WALES: CONGRATULATIONS FROM VETERANS

FROM A SKETCH BY F. LEIST

that the French were moving in Newfoundland or in the Niger Territories, or were quarrelling over the Tashoda settlement; but when I am told that the President of the Transvaal is causing trouble, I cannot really think about it. It is too ridiculous. If you were to tell me that the native chief in Samoa was going to cause trouble to the Imperial Government, then I would discuss the proposition that the Transvaal was a danger to the British Empire.

Not a wise, and certainly not a far seeing, speech from a man who had tested Kruger's strength many times! In conclusion, it is interesting to know that Mr. Rhodes "followed events with the closest possible interest," "down to the final close of hostilities." Has Mr. Hensman's book been published rather sooner than he anticipated?

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE".

Mr. Arthur Hassall has written a very scholarly and deeply interesting little volume on "The French People" (Heinemann). Beginning with the Roman Conquest, it surveys with some detail the history and vicissitudes of France up to the present day. It is a very stirring story which Mr. Hassall tells. France was a picturesque and commanding nation even before she led the Crusades, and though

crippled by the Hundred Years' War, she recovered under Louis XI, and rose to be a great absolute monarchy. After this she survived a long period of internal struggle, and shone out pre-eminently the most distinguished European nation for nearly a century. Her eighteenth century endeavours to compete with us colonially injured her for a time, but the victories of Napoleon once more made her all-powerful. Now only the Napoleonic legend remains, and France is making Republican experiments, the outcome of which Mr. Hassall does not seem to anticipate with much confidence. The Socialists are stronger than at any period, the aristocratic and, perhaps, most intelligent class, the nobles, have been deprived of all share in local government, and the country has never had a fair chance of gradually replacing the officialism and centralisation of her administrative system by local institutions. It is only, says Mr. Hassall, "by developing a local spirit such as exists in England that France will find the best means for improving the radical defects of her Government." From first to last the book is thoughtful and suggestive.

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"CHINA IN CONVULSION."

Books immeasurable have been written on the Chinese difficulty, the siege and relief of the Legations, and the subsequent events, but never has the whole matter from beginning to end been more fully discussed and described than in the present voluminous work. During the twenty-nine years that Mr. Smith has worked as a missionary of the American Board in China he has made a particular study of the history of the country and of the characteristics of its people, and there are few, if any, writers who have more right to pose as an authority on a subject than he has.

Much of the volume takes us over well-trodden ground, the rising in Peking, the defence of the Legations, in which the writer took an active part, and the relief by the allied troops. Many pages are also devoted to the personal narratives of missionaries and Christian converts who were scattered about the country when the Boxer rising began. Perhaps one of the freshest and most interesting chapters is headed "Remoter Sources of Antipathy," and in it we have strong evidence of the author's knowledge of the Chinese character. For instance, in speaking of the temperament of the Chinese, he says:—

"It is one of the points at which it is next to impossible for the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon to come to terms, that a civilised, cultivated, prolific, and enterprising race of creatures can exist upon the planet and yet have no thirst to modify existing conditions so as to bring in some state of things in nearly ideal. How Chinese institutions came to be what they are, it is beyond the power of any one to say. But it is very certain that all those institutions are distinctly an evolution, and that they followed from antecedent causes by an inevitable sequence."

Later he writes:

"What the Occidental insists upon knowing, however, is why the Chinese did not continue to improve when they had once entered upon the upward path. And this is one of the standing puzzles of Chinese history. To the Chinese, however, there is no mystery, and nothing whatever to be explained. It was a pithy saying of President Wayland . . . that, 'when a thing is as good as it can be, you cannot make it better.' If Dr. Wayland had been the first of the long line of Chinese sages, he could not more aptly have expressed the underlying assumption which has always dwelt in the Chinese national consciousness."

Thus conceit, in the first place, is the reason that China has stood still, even gone backward, whilst other nations have advanced. Now, as regards the future of China and its salvation (here once more the missionary steps in), it can only become a powerful and friendly nation by adopting Christianity.

The long cherished and confident expectation that China was to be gradually regenerated by her contact with Western civilisation, by commerce, by steam ships, railways, telegraphs, and mines, has been demonstrated to be utterly insubstantial.

Mr. Smith concludes his work with these words:

"Christianity has been tried upon a small scale only, and has already brought but few fruits after its kind. When it shall have been thoroughly tested and have had the opportunity to develop its potentialities, it will give to China intellectually, morally and spiritually the elixir of a New Life."

In the meantime we read that forty Japanese officers have gone to train the Chinese Army, and that British instructors are to be engaged for the Navy.

Interesting as are these volumes, Mr. Smith has not clearly demonstrated the immediate cause of the late rising, nor the solution of the difficulties to come.

"A MAN OF DEVON."

Mr. John Sinjohn's four stories, "A Man of Devon," "The China in Convulsion," By Arthur H. Smith, (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier)

"Salvation of Swithin Forstye," "The Silence," and "A Knight's" (Blackwood and Sons), are exceptionally worthy of collection into a volume. It would be more accurate to describe them as character-studies than as stories; but this implies no lack of interest—the characters are developed and emphasized under suitably dramatic conditions that leave mere plot-making upon an altogether lower plane. All are tragic; but the tragedy is of the only right, that is to say, of the inevitable, kind. Now and then Mr. Sinjohn is to be suspected of having borrowed Mr. Henry James's spectacles, and of seeing in a glance or a trick of habit, more than such things can ever really mean, without attempting to say what it is he sees. But, after all, this is but an extreme consequence of his insight into the infinite pathos of little things, and never blinds him to the import of the great ones. To criticise each of his studies separately and minutely would be a pleasure. But the pleasure of their perusal requires no aid.

"THE SHOES OF FORTUNE."

The adventurous narrative of Paul Greig, as "set forth" by Mr. Neil Munro under the title of "The Shoes of Fortune" (Dialer and Co.), reads like the laboured attempt of a rascal to wriggle out of an implication in some exceedingly shady transactions by pleading that he was not really a knave, but only a simpleton and a poltroon. At any rate, among the whole tribe of despicable "heroes" Paul unquestionably takes the prize. The business of the story is concerned with that unrecorded portion of the life of the "Young Chevalier" with which a novelist may deal as he will. There are plots within plots—the Jesuits are engaged upon the assassination of the Prince; the French police are battling the Jesuits; Thurot and Clancarty are planning a new invasion of Britain; Miss Walkinshaw is holding and entangling all the threads; and Paul is the dupe, so he says, of all at once, but particularly of the fascinating Miss Walkinshaw. All this affords plenty of scope for complicated and exciting adventures, all well told, and carrying the reader into the heart of as queer a flock of vultures as ever flock about a dying Cause.

"A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND."

Though May Crommelin's "A Daughter of England" (John Long) an oddly pointless title, by the way, certainly opens with more promise than is fulfilled, it is none the less, on the whole, a sufficiently pleasant and entertaining story. The decidedly romantic plot is closely connected with Jamaica, providing the authoress with full scope for picturesque descriptive matter, presumably from first-hand observation, and, if not, from an exceedingly skilful appearance of it, fortified by duly acknowledged reference to Giese's "Naturalist's Sojourn" in that interesting island. The portraiture is not striking, even when, as in many cases, it runs towards exaggeration; but it is sympathetic where sympathy is required; and a certain mystical, or at any rate ghostly, atmosphere is not carried too far to spoil the tale for unfashionably sceptical readers. May Crommelin has done better; but she is not one to do otherwise than well.

"THE FORTNIGHTLY."

"Calchas" in the *Fortnightly Review*, contributes a very vigorous defence of Mr. Chamberlain. The writer has examined Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech and found no salvation in it, and very cleverly he points out that vague exhortations about ill-defined policy are not the means by which the public is either caught

or led. A broad, simple line must be taken before the public. "Unless the Opposition succeeds in striking some broad line, a notoriously and hopelessly unpopular Liberalism will not recover nor will the party system, as we have known it, survive." The Opposition thinks the writer, instead of denouncing Mr. Chamberlain, had better imitate his methods. "Lord Rosebery, or any other leader who is to do anything considerable for Liberalism, must, the first place, be plain. He must earn, like Mr. Chamberlain, little hatred." He must not, in short, indulge in oracular Chesterfieldian oratory, making a speech which everyone can pretend to be satisfied with because everyone can interpret it to suit his own fancies and thus make it confirm his previous opinions. This article, from first to last, is full of good things neatly expressed, as when the writer says:—"Stated in the most moderate form the weakness of the Liberal mind is that it can never see with sufficient strength the case for its own country, and is incurably prone to exaggerate the merits of the enemy's case." But one is more interested, perhaps, in the writer's references to the "man of emergency"—Mr. Chamberlain:—

The confidence of the nation in Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner is unshaken than ever. Their position will be unassassable if Lord Kitchener stamp out the guerrilla warfare in the course of the present year. That is now the probability. Were the war once ended the country would no sooner have drawn its deep breath of almost incredulous relief than it would turn with immense recognition towards Mr. Chamberlain as the Minister to whose indomitable will and energy, never shaken for an instant throughout the struggle, the Government owes its continued existence and the Empire in all probability its salvation from another and a finally fatal compromise with the extinguished South African Republics.

"Calchas" is not blind to his subject's failings, and does not scruple to allude to the "two blazing indiscretions of his references to international affairs before the war," but Mr. Chamberlain, in his most indiscreet moment, "never said anything so wantonly wounding to another country as Lord Salisbury's terrible reference to Spain as 'a dying nation'."

THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with three rather notable contributions to the South African question. The first, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, is the most important, and is entitled "A Violent Proposal." Mr. Greenwood's proposal, carefully considered, is not so much violent as eminently sane. At the end of the war he anticipates an immigration flood of great magnitude and a "boom" which will put the Californian and all other records into the shade. Once restrictions about entering the country are removed, all the loose adventure and all the loose blackguardism of the world will make a rush. Mr. Greenwood would keep these people out by every possible means, usual or unusual. For three or four years at least after peace is proclaimed, he would have foreign immigration severely restricted, and the English settler encouraged. This policy might spoil a mining "boom," but few will doubt that it would make for the best interests of a distracted country. Mr. P. Leys, C.M.G., who succeeds Mr. Greenwood, argues very cleverly in favour of introducing "Chinese Labour for the Rand," in place of the very unsatisfactory black labour, but we doubt whether his arguments will fall on very willing ears. The Countess of Galloway's "Boer Prisoners in Ceylon," pays a deserved tribute to the management of the over-seas prisoners.

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"Ognibeni," in the *Contemporary* (every self-respecting review).

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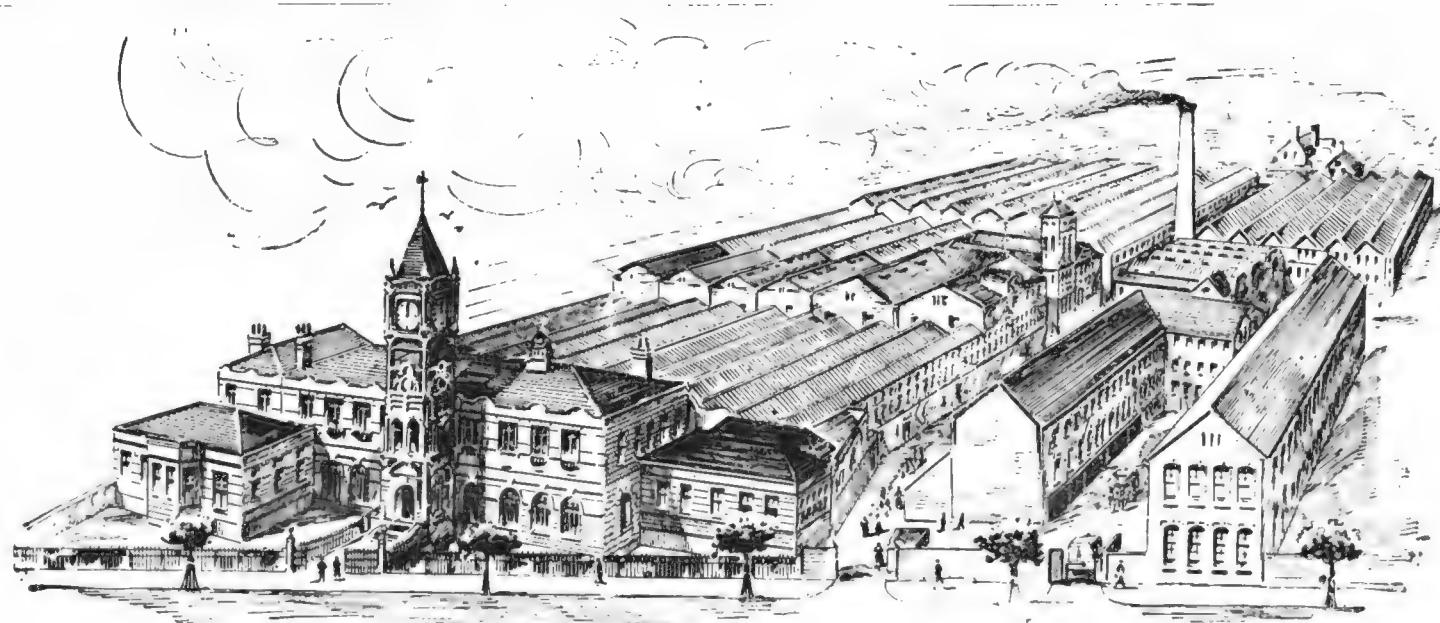
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FILTER H, AS SKETCH, 30 - SMALLER SIZE, F, 22.6

nowadays has a political article written under a vague signature of this character), who prophesied some time since the present German campaign against England, has boldly ventured into the field of prophecy again, and, alluding to Germany, says:—

The next move on the part of our Continental cousins will have for its object the estrangement of the United States from Great Britain, and difficult though the success of any such machinations may now seem, the attainment of the object is well within the reach of diplomacy reinforced by those peculiar qualities which have distinguished Germany's foreign policy since Wilhelm I. was Kaiser. The first move in the direction indicated is the visit of Prince Heinrich to President Roosevelt.

To the same review Mr. H. G. Wells contributes a little satire on the British Army, entitled "The Loyalty of Esau Common." It is amusing, but somehow falls rather flat and is by no means in the writer's happiest vein, so that we are glad to see that he has abandoned the idea of continuing the series of "kindly but instructive stories" about the Army of which this was intended to be the first.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S DIARY

In some extracts from Sir Arthur Sullivan's diary appearing in *Harper's*, there is an interesting little reference to his title. He writes:—

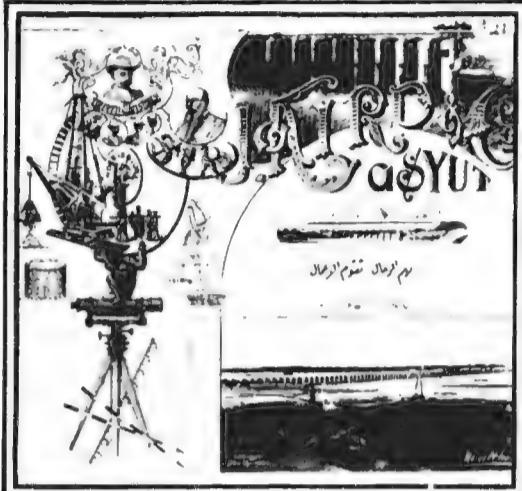
I ran down to Cowes for a night to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, at Osborne Cottage, to discuss the question of knighthood. I firmly and strongly declined it—or, rather, would decline it if it were offered me. I don't want to be one of a batch, nor do I care for a knighthood at all.

One wonders what persuasion won him over. The fragments from the diary are not very important in themselves, but they serve to accentuate once more Sullivan's enormous social success—a success for a professional man that was almost unique. His guests at Victoria Street numbered the most distinguished people in the country, from the King (then Prince of Wales) downwards.

Our Supplement

THESE are no floor for dancing equal to that of the quarter-deck of a battleship, and when it is known at a port that the officers of a ship stationed there for a time are going to give a dance, there is great eagerness among the lady residents to get an invitation. Naval men manage these entertainments with great skill, and are deservedly popular as hosts. The dance is usually given in the afternoon, owing to difficulty of returning the guests to shore in the evening. The quarter-deck is transformed for the occasion. Covered with awnings, it is decked with flags, arms in beautiful designs, and with flowers and evergreens. Lounges are arranged in various corners, and by the time the guests arrive the deck presents the appearance of a very pretty ballroom. At the gangway

stand two inflated divers' dresses, looking weird in their stiffness, with their arms at the salute. Many a lady coming on board has stared at these strange-looking figures and wondered if there were a man inside or not. The scene depicted in our Supplement shows the guests, who have been brought to the vessel in boats manned by bluejackets, being received by the commander (his rank is denoted by the three gold rings or stripes on his cuff, the lieutenant having only two). The music is supplied by the ship's band, and in that connection it may be interesting to note that bands are allowed to ships whose complement is over 400. It must not be supposed that a dance on a battleship is of frequent occurrence. Naval officers are not as a rule rich men, and the expense of the entertainment falls on them. The dance is usually given as a return for the hospitality shown by the residents at the port where the vessel has been stationed. But the rarity of the entertainment possibly conduces to its excellence.



This card was designed by Mr. Matthew for the people working on the Nile works at Assiout, for presentation to Sir John Aird.

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Fig. 1.—THE WINDOW BRACKET THERMOMETER, registering the extreme Heat and Cold, enabling the observer to read from Inside the House the Temperature outside.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

JANUARY passed away with rough weather prevailing, and February comes in with a bitter wind in southern England, with heavy snow showers in the north. The month of December seems to have regularly reclaimed from winter and annexed to autumn, while the rigour of winter is too often felt from the middle of February to middle of April. The mean temperature and rainfall of the United Kingdom do not appear to have changed in the century, but the arrangement of the actual seasons really seems to have shifted. September is often quite a summer month, while June enjoys that combination of freshness and genial warmth with refreshing showers which make ideal spring. The great frost of 1895 is not so far distant that we claim milder winters as assured; but this frost did not set in until 10 in January. The cold spell has not yet reached Cornwall or the Riviera; at all events the florists' shops are rich in the flowers—early bulbs, in daffodils in pots, in sprays of the mimosa, and in the welcome wallflower, the bright browns, rust colour, and clear yellow of which form a delightful harmony, made the more delicious by the natural green of the leaves. The last pheasants and partridges have now been eaten, but there is a fine supply of Scotch hares and of wild rabbits. The farmer is not able apparently to hold his wheat, and has lately sold a good deal too much for the markets.

THE WATER SUPPLY

The Government Bill for regulating the Water Question for ten miles round Charing Cross is regarded by all parties as a serious attempt to deal with a serious matter, but it would have been dealt with as a national one. We have a certain supply of water as of land, and while we deal with the total production of the latter in the agricultural reports we have never had a Government which even suggested the desirability of dealing with the raw water production for man and crops as a whole. Each district is left to fight for itself, and to invade the weakest of its neighbours. The Thames and its tributaries above London are already dangerously depleted through the gigantic demands of the London and suburban districts; but as the latter have some eighty members against about twenty for the "up-river" counties and towns, the matter continues to be dealt with as though London alone was involved. The Government would save money by taking over the national water supply, as a complete system of pipes and adjuncts would fit in and effect many economies as compared with isolated efforts of competing municipalities and private companies.



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COLT'S AUTOMATIC PISTOL

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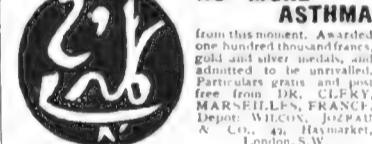
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"Globe" Metal Polish contains nothing injurious to the skin, nor will it scratch or otherwise injure the finest metal-work.

It is sold everywhere; but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, please write to Raimes & Co., Ltd., Tredegar Works, Bow, London, E., or Stockton-on-Tees.

COMPANIES AND TREES

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ashby-Sterry's timely warning will save the Barnes elms threatened by tramway vandals and limited liability goths. The much-assailed London County Council is at least innocent of this thing, for Barnes is still "rural," and part of the Surrey County Council's care. What one wonders at is the feud existing between companies, whether railway, tramway, gas or water, and the venerable trees of the district, which the companies seek to exploit. The companies seldom get the timber, they are actually interested in preserving the amenities of any district out of which they hope to extract a dividend. Nor can it be their object to create friction on a side issue, as they certainly do by rousing all artists, all lovers of the picturesque, and all antiquarians to a state of fury. Yet, where companies come, trees go; it is like the vanishing of a bogle before the Society for Psychical Research. Would it be possible, we wonder, to form in the Houses of Parliament a small society of members pledged to move the addition to all company projects, of a clause prohibiting the destruction of trees, avenues, and strips of wayside grass? The protection of woods is a different matter; these cover an appreciable area, and must sometimes

be sacrificed; but the destruction of trees is for the most part entirely wanton.

FARMS

The Domesday Book of 1881 showed that there were over half a million farmers in the United Kingdom, but agriculturists always regarded these figures as exaggerated very greatly, albeit it is very hard to say why a person not so occupied should wish to return himself as a farmer. We have now in the list of farmhouses charged to duty by the implacable tax-gatherer a useful check on the earlier document. It is true that Ireland is no longer included, but if we allow one-third of the figures for Great Britain to be added for Ireland it will probably involve no great inaccuracy. The return for Great Britain gives 32,526 farmhouses, and we may, therefore, guess the total for the United Kingdom at 43,368. These figures seem to us unduly small, and we do not think that the returns can have properly marked off farmhouses from dwelling-houses used as residences only. None the less, the difference is startling, and the question, whether started or not, is one which might well be asked in the Parliamentary arena. There is a complicated clause in the House Duty Act which charges a reduced rate on houses not used except for one's business. This clause would need a hundred

decisions to define, and in practice is mostly interpreted against taxpayer. But it exists, and it may, therefore, be taken to be an inducement to return a place as a farmhouse rather than a dwelling pure and simple.

ESCALLONIA

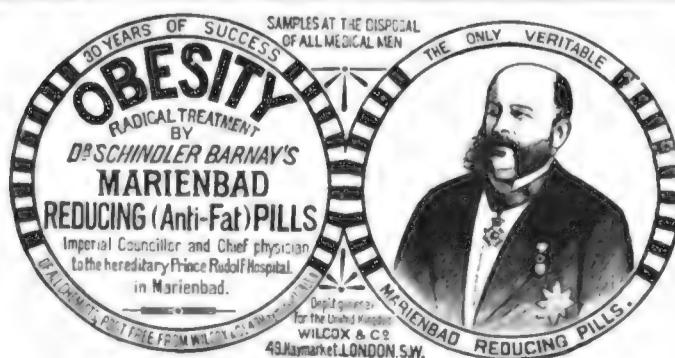
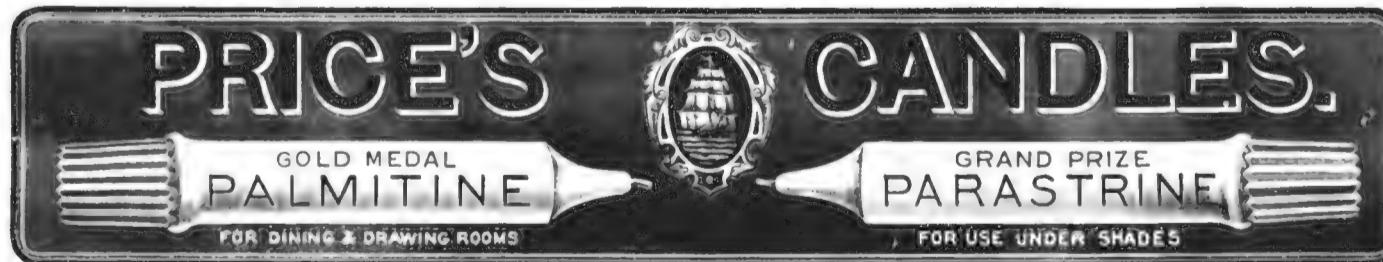
An inquiry reaches us from a subscriber in California and we shall much pleasure in telling him—and others of our readers—that escallonia, which we recommended as a plant which stands sea well, is able to grow in nearly pure sand, but does best in finest debris, and in default of limestone should be given a foot of ordinary good soil in which to start. Once well rooted it will grow and flourish on rock or sand, at least, on any rock with which roots insinuate themselves at all. It may be freely pruned and cut later about five years' growth, but not in its earlier years. It can be kept a good level height by ornamental trimming, and it thickens as a hedge. It is difficult to procure the seed, but you plants and shoots packed in wet moss will travel safely and can be obtained of almost any nurseryman in Cornwall, as well as from great dealers in town who have agencies. It is not possible for THE GRAPHIC to recommend any firm by name, and this for reasons which, we are sure, subscribers will appreciate.

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DR.

J. COLLIS

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CHLORODYNE

ORIGINAL AND

COUGHS,

COLDS,

ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS.

TRADE MARK

Price of this

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SOLE MANUFACTURER

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BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

1892

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CHOLERA,

DIARRHOEA,

DYSENTERY.

GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH

London, REPORTS that it ACTS as a

CHARM, generally sufficient

Dr. GIBBON Army Medical Staff,

Calcutta, India. TWO DOSES

COMPLETELY CURED ME OF

DIARRHOEA

Royal Irish Fusiliers, Cork,

Feb. 6th, 1896

DEAR SIR

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Gratefully yours,

G. SMITH,

Band, R.I.F.

DR. J. C. BROWNE

late Army Medical Staff

DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances destroying illumination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons derive purchases by false representations.

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IS THE TRUE PALLIATIVE FOR

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Rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC,

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REMEDY has given rise to many UN-

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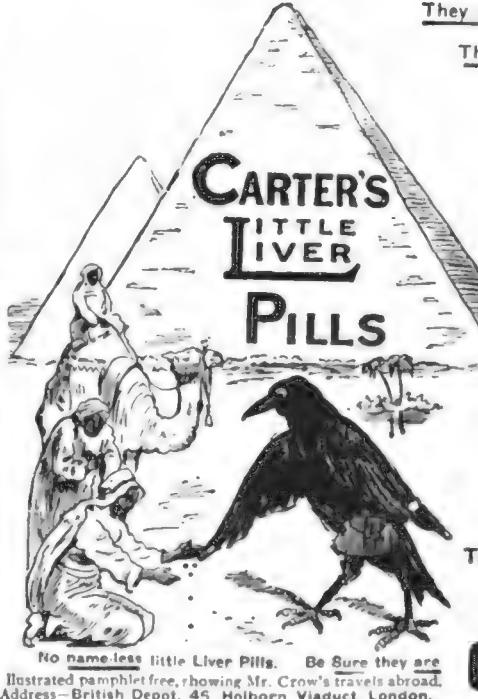
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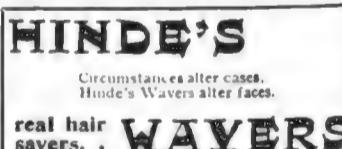
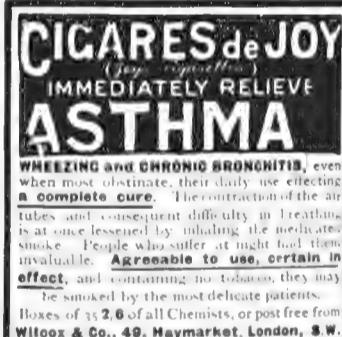
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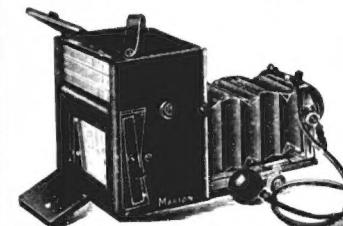


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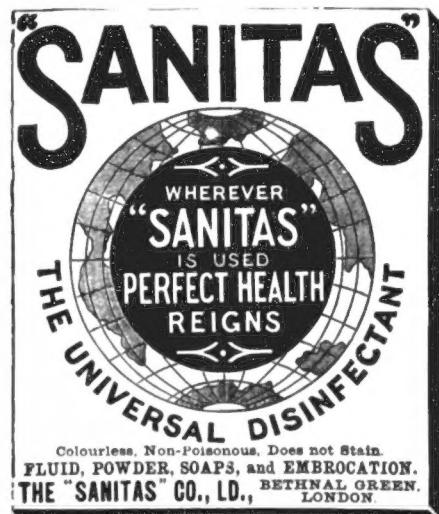
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